



OVERCONTINENT.

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I
WHEN the sunset gleams in the western sky,
And flushes the restless sea,
To the sweet Lenore its messengers come,
And comfort her tenderly.
Oh, the tide comes in, and the tide goes out,
And it singeth its own song low;
But whether be glad the song, or sad,
Her thoughts must seaward go.

II

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the days are hastening by,
While she thinks of a ship that sailed away
'Neath the glow of a crimson sky—
When the world was sweet with the breath of June,
Was it only a year ago?
Dear heart take courage, when Love returns,
The days they will not be slow.

III

'Twill not be long she must sit alone,
While the twilight shadows lie
Like a soft gray veil on the changing sea,
And float in the darkening sky:
For her ship will come in with the tide some night,
Like a white-winged bird of peace,
And the day of her long and lonely watch
In the twilight hour shall cease.

M. D. BRINE.



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ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

ASSISTED BY

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1882.

IN No. 14 of "OUR CONTINENT" MARIA LOUISE POOL, a lady very well and favorably known in magazine and journalistic circles, begins a new serial, entitled, "NOON HILL PLACE."

THE name of HAWTHORNE is familiar to readers of American literature, and we doubt not as welcome as it is familiar. For that matter, the name is a charm in the English world of letters. In this number of "OUR CONTINENT" we begin a serial story by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, son of the great author whose "Scarlet Letter" and "Marble Faun" have become household words in Europe and America. The son is a worthy descendant of his noble father. We feel certain that the mere mention of the author of "DUST" will be a guarantee that we are offering a treasure in the form of interesting, pleasant reading.

The Veto of the Chinese Bill.

No more statesmanlike document has issued from the White House in many a year, than the calm, dispassionate one in which the President announced his objections to the anti-Chinese bill. In thus calling a halt in "Sand-lot" legislation President Arthur has placed himself among that noble category who dare to do right, whether it be in consonance with party behest or not. He very properly regards the veto power as one entrusted to him by the Constitution not to promote party interests nor to be used or unused according to the dictate of popular clamor; but in order that hasty legislation may be avoided and time be secured for the reconsideration of any measure which he may regard as of doubtful policy or unconstitutional character. The temper displayed in this paper is most admirable. Few would ever detect its real character if read without the opening and the concluding paragraphs. Very few of the veto messages which have been sent to Congress have been so entirely free from that self-assertive tone which has sometimes been carried to the extent of delivering very caustic lectures to the legislative branch of the government on the neglect of their duty or an undue exercise of their power. The language of this is earnest, calm, unassuming and entirely respectful of the opinions of the supporters of the bill. This is the more remarkable, since the legislation itself is unpleasantly suggestive of a mere attempt to make party capital by catering to an absurd prejudice. The treaty with China gives us the right to regulate immigration from the Flowery Kingdom whenever the same may be necessary. Does the presence of one hundred thousand Celestials in a population of fifty millions render such a course necessary? It hardly seems reasonable and the act of exclusion is peculiarly repugnant to all our national traditions. The proposed remedy seems indeed, like leaf out of the policy of the most absolute and arbitrary of monarchies. It is a right, which should be used only upon the most urgent and otherwise unavoidable necessity. The Chinese communities of the western coast are no doubt unpleasant facts. John is beyond question an offensive neighbor. He is industrious, economical, peaceable, but he does not readily adapt himself to our civilization. He is degraded himself, and, as a consequence, degrading to others. This cannot be denied, though one cannot avoid the impression that it is not entirely on account of his vices that his exclusion is sought to be effected. But even granting all that has been urged as to his undesirable qualities, and the danger likely to result from his wholesale transportation hither, are we entirely justifiable in resorting to this remedy? Are not the evils of Chinese life on the western coast susceptible of cure by State and municipal legislation? Are their demoralizing at-

tributes beyond the reach of sanitary and police regulations? It may be hard to frame a law that will suppress Chinese gambling halls and allow full liberty to institutions of that kind designed for the profit and amusement of the variously admixed white race of the Pacific slope. So too it may be somewhat troublesome to close the opium-dive and leave the grog-shop in full blast. How to reach the immorality of the Chinese immigrant without interfering with the divine right of the Caucasian to debase himself and debauch his fellows, is no doubt a difficult problem. It does seem, however, that if the affrighted virtue of the western slope should direct its energies somewhat more against the evils themselves and somewhat less against the nationality of a part of the malefactors, the nation need not to be troubled with a demand that it shall trample on its own history and abandon the basis principle on which it rests.

Of course, if our only safety is in exclusion—if that is the last resort against the destruction or orientalization of any considerable portion of our country, it must be adopted. It has been well urged by the advocates of this measure that self-preservation is the first law of nations as well as of individuals. There is no doubt but it must override theories and constitutions when they are in its way. "Delenda est Carthago" is the universal logic of every nation that faces a deadly foe. All apparent wrong is made right when the plea of self-defense is once established. With nations as well as individuals, however, it must be clearly apparent before it will justify a blow. The danger must be imminent and such as a reasonably brave man would consider unavoidable by other means. When such a case shall be made out against the Chinese immigration, it will be the clear duty of the nation to grant the remedy now sought.

It is doubtful if any other bill upon the subject will pass at this session and before another arrives the question may meet with some other solution. At least it is likely to have a more thorough and impartial consideration by all classes of people, than the pendency of a general election would permit. It is a good time to move slowly on that line.

A. W. TOURGÉE.

The Two Methodisms.

THE disruption of the Methodist Church in 1844-'48, was an event of the greatest significance to the whole country. It was the fateful precursor of that national struggle which nominally ended at Appomattox but has really colored our whole political life even until the present hour. The division of this most numerous of our Protestant churches into two bodies has now continued for almost forty years. After the close of the war, under the influence of the prevailing idea that the sole difference between the two churches as well as the two sections had been the mere fact of slavery, there were some overtures looking to organic reunion, set on foot by the parent body. These were rejected by the church South with the spirit that has characterized that section in all matters where there was a conflict of opinion. The result has been that the Northern body has carried on its work in the South until it now has some two hundred thousand members and some ten million dollars' worth of church and school property there, while the church South has been unable to obtain any significant foothold in the North. The difference between the numbers, strength and wealth of the two bodies is very great. Not only is this true, but the disproportion bids fair to increase very rapidly in the near future. The strength of the Northern connection is making itself felt throughout the South, and it needs no prophetic spirit to foretell the fact that in another generation it will fairly divide the Methodistic strength even of the South.

It is no doubt an appreciation of these facts that has induced leading men of the Southern body to moot of late the question of a reunion of the two Methodisms. The plan proposed is not one likely to commend itself to any considerable body of the Northern church, being simply to create three general conferences, the Northern, Southern and Western, all united for general church work, but each exclusive in its own boundaries. It is, in effect, a still farther secession, and the only significant result would be to deprive the Northern church of any voice in the administration or direction of the churches and schools it has established at the South. There is little probability of its being even seriously considered, but it is an encouraging fact that the minds of Southern sectaries are turned in that direction.

The time has no doubt passed by when any such treaty of consolidation could be carried into effect. It is doubtful if the Southern conferences of the parent church could be delivered even in case the General Conference should take such action. The result would probably be a complete disintegration. But aside from this consideration it is more than doubtful whether such consolidation is desirable. What the South needs more than anything else is, not harmony among her people but difference. Toleration only prevails where differences are most numerous and the parties differing are most evenly balanced in strength. Civilization is simply the game known as "the tug of war," played by great bodies of men pulling in opposite directions on great ideas. Whatever divides the South in sentiment, encourages difference of opinion on any great question, sets brother against brother in the conflict of ideas, breaks the crust of ancient prejudice and compels toler-

ration of any kind, promotes the best interest not only of the whole country but especially of the South itself.

When complete toleration has thus become universal and habitual upon all subjects, when all antagonism of purpose shall have ceased, then such organic union may become desirable. Until, however, the two churches can work side by side in complete and thorough fraternal unity of aim and with substantial agreement as to the means to be used to promote them, it is the merest folly for a few sacerdotal politicians on both sides to talk about patching up a sort of confederation without power in the central body or community of interests or uniformity of administration in the members. This denomination, whether wisely or unwisely, has become so involved in the most vital questions of our national life that it cannot now cut loose from the destiny it helped so potently to shape. For better or for worse, it is dominated by the logic of past events and must continue to be controlled by them until their causes have been eliminated and a homogeneous people shall demand ecclesiastical unity.

A. W. TOURGÉE.

The Pulpit and Literature.

BY E. PAXTON HOOD.

IT may be settled, we suppose, as a matter beyond any dispute that, compared with literature, the hold which the pulpit has on society and the influence it exercises are in our day very slight and ineffectual. There was a time when the pulpit was the only form of popular literature. Literature is, in the wide and varied field it covers, almost if not altogether a modern creation; but we may repeat that, while the pulpit has lost, the press has gained this mighty hold on minds and hearts. There is growing up a feeling—certainly in England, possibly in the United States also—that the man who preaches is impertinent, and that in the exercise of this faculty of his office he has become tiresome. Literature is interesting; it must be admitted, we believe, that the pulpit is not interesting. Even Luther gave it as his maxim for all successful preaching, "Stand up cheerily, speak out manfully and—leave off speedily." It may be a question whether there are not as many or even more sleepy books than sleepy sermons; but the man who holds in his hand the sleepy book or the sleepy page has an immense advantage over the man who sits before the sleepy preacher; he can lay it down; he can without any indelicacy escape from it, while the listener is compelled to sit on, and can only take his revenge by grumbling as he leaves the church, or by leaving his place vacant when the occasion comes round again. Of course the contrast between the professions of literature and the pulpit is obviously very unjust, for, as a rule, the highest order of mind does not find its way into the pulpit, while on the contrary the very highest order is expressed in the manifold forms of literature, whether in journalism, history, philosophy, science or poetry. The man of letters very seldom is or ever has been the man of the pulpit, and it may perhaps be admitted that those who have attempted to unite the two have not increased their usefulness or added to their fame by this union, and yet not the less do impudent and unjust hearers test the preacher by the highest standards and expect from his lips the animation of Longfellow, the finish of Tennyson and the descriptive strength of Macaulay or Motley. It must be therefore granted that the pulpit seldom ministers to the highest order of mind; literature does this still through the Bible and Plato, and Bacon, Shakespeare and Browning. The preacher is usually little more than a Scripture-reader or exhorter, and the respect he receives is usually paid to him as the official *nexus* of the church to which in a humble way he is a kind of Grand Lama; nor is this altogether to be deprecated nor deplored. If a man preach as a Lacordaire or a Robertson, be sure he will seldom want auditors; but the pulpit usually, as compared with literature, is as the wife to the husband; in its loftiest ideal its office is to keep the conscience alive in man; perhaps it fails to do so. Its voice may be beautiful, but sometimes too thin and shrill. Regarding this then as its end, it would be sad if esthetic vanities should succeed in stifling moral instincts. On the other hand it is noble if the preacher can succeed in arresting, as only the human voice can arrest, the ethereal in man. Hence from this point of view literature is Grecian—it captivates by the beauty of form; but the pulpit is Hebrew, and captivates by the force of soul. Should it not succeed in doing this it is altogether a failure and it merits the satire of Horace, *Si cepit amphora cur exit uiceus?*—"If he began a vase why turns it out to be a pitcher?" Objections are frequently urged against the pulpit that it often irritates, while literature soothes; that it makes men and minds close and narrow, while literature opens and expands; that literature has no shibboleths, while the pulpit is usually the voice of a party or a creed; that the man of literature is eminently independent, while the man of the pulpit is the hired and dependent servant of an organization, and all this may be urged with considerable truth. It is also true that, of all men, the man of the pulpit employs his voice to the measure of its power to call off the attention of men from the things which are "seen and temporal," and to compel the spirit, if it be only for a short time, to regard those truths which have the weight of wings—a weight of glory which, while it rises, rests, and while poised, reposes in its elevation.

MEMORIAL DAY.

(The anniversary of "Stonewall" Jackson's death has been generally adopted throughout the South to be observed in memory of the dead of the war, and is known as "Memorial Day.")

BRING flowers—bright flowers !
To garnish the tomb
Where heroes sleep lightly
Unmindful of gloom !

Bring flowers—bright flowers !
That beauty may weave
Fair garlands of glory,
As sadly we grieve !

Bring flowers—Spring flowers !
All fragrant, to wave
O'er the dew-spangled couch
Of the undying brave !

Unloose the shoe's latchet !
The blood-sprinkled sod
Is holy as that
By the Holiest trod !

Were they right, were they wrong,
Whom we mourn, or their foes ?
Away, truckling driv'ler !
What matters ? Who knows ?

Shall the blood of the hero
Not hallow the sod,
Though the victor above
His cold ashes hath trod ?

Shall the stigma of treason
Dishonor the tear
We shed for the braves
To our memory dear—

Lee, "Stonewall" and Johnston
And myriads more—
Who went up from our ranks
To the evergreen shore ?

Tho' they "laid down their arms"
And "surrendered their posts,"
Their names are "gazetted"
In Fame's deathless hosts !

"Transferred" from earth-service,
Brave hearts whom we love,
They "reported" at once
To "headquarters" above.

It recks not how vainly,
How blindly, they fought !
How bitter the scath
Which grim destiny wrought !

'Tis the motive enfames,
Not the beggarly prize !
The spirit that lives !
The base guerdon that dies !

'Tis the infinite Thought,
Not the perishing Fact !
The heart that conceives,
Not the outgrowing Act !

'Tis Why, and not What,
Lightens history's gloom !
Devotion, not Victory,
Hallows the tomb !

Not in vain did they fall !
The blood of the brave
The land of their love,
Never vainly can lave !

Tho' erstwhile, it may lie,
Precious seed in the ground ;
Yet in fullness of time
Its fair fruits shall abound !

And the future, God's fallow,
Though barren it seem,
With the harvest they planted,
Yet bravely shall teem !

It may be the fathers
Had builded in vain,
Had the blood of the sons
Not cemented again.

Then heap up the garlands
O'er patriot graves !
Success could not add
To the fame of our braves !

Remember their valor !
Keep holy the sod !
For honor to heroes
Is glory to God !

Bring flowers ! Spring flowers !
All fragrant to wave !
O'er the dew-spangled couch
Of the undying brave !

Unloose the shoe's latchet !
The blood-sprinkled sod
Is pure as the temple—
The altar of God !

Manners and Republican Institutions.

BY J. W. PHELPS.

OUR institutions over-stimulate the growth of individuality and personal independence. It is true that these princely attributes are sometimes very cheaply held by their possessors, their exercise being often surrendered without any seeming sense of their value. The ease with which a freeman will sometimes give his vote for unworthy considerations, or surrender himself to a ringster, is remarkable. But at other moments he may assert these attributes at the mouth of the six-shooter when there is no occasion for it whatever nor any possible justification for it.

The great need in our public school education is a systematic course of training which shall teach the sovereign citizen how to exercise these attributes in a proper manner, neither holding them too lightly on the one hand nor asserting them with violence on the other. This work must be accomplished through the aid of a special system of instruction, and not be left to the incidental qualifications of teachers. As the ablest general in the world could accomplish little or nothing without a system of tactics, so the teacher, possessed of the best possible manners, would accomplish little by his own personal efforts without a system to aid him.

The extreme tendencies of free institutions are opposed to good manners, and hence the necessity of a careful provision for their preservation. When Brissot de Warville, a Frenchman of the extreme republican notions of the French revolutionary period, visited our country in the last century, he thought that we Americans had too much manners. He did not like to see New England children bow and take off their hats to travelers. It looked slavish, he said. He seemed to think that to be a good republican one must have no carpets on his floors and no politeness in his manners. But while he thought that we had too much manners, the poet Moore, who visited us not long afterwards, thought that we had no manners at all. Few would hesitate to decide which of those two distinguished persons viewed us from the best standpoint. No one can question the manners of the poet Moore. They were those of the English aristocracy, which ought to be the standard for every American citizen. The aim of our public school instruction should be to blend the manners of the English aristocracy with the morals of the New England Puritans, and return our boys to the "slavish" habit of bowing to travelers on the road as soon as possible. This would be infinitely better for the interests of republican society than to give the boy the habit of asserting himself by a use of the revolver.

Education at the present day is exceedingly defective if it omits from its course of instruction a system of good manners. In a self-governing country the first thing taught should be self-government. In a free country what the sovereign citizen needs to be taught is his *duties*, not his *rights*. The child should be taught to please his fellow-child, not to offend him; to do him justice, not to wrong him; to be frank with him, not to cheat him; to be generous with him, not to outwit him. He should be taught that all sharp practice, now so much in vogue, is discreditable. He should be so trained, in fine, as to understand that being put in possession of individuality and personal independence, his first care must be so to exercise these attributes that he will not endanger thereby the rights and interests of others. He should come to learn that there is nothing more offensive than that gross repulsive selfishness that always lies at the bottom of ill, unfashioned manners. All manners that are unfashioned are ill manners.

The war of the rebellion was brought about as much by a difference of manners as by the difference between slavery and freedom. The South had preserved something of the old American manners; while in the North, owing to the flood of immigration, combined with the prostrating tendencies of freedom, they had been in a great measure destroyed. War, like the tale, should have a moral. One moral to be derived from the war of the rebellion is that republics must not have slaves. And another moral that may be learned from it, which is almost as valuable, is that republics should have good manners. If that luxury is thrown overboard by a republican people, to be possessed only by the aristocracy, the probability is that society will have recourse to the aristocracy for the sake of the luxury.

Are not our manners improving without special instruction ? Perhaps they are somewhat. It is certain that changes are taking place from generation to generation; but changes are not necessarily improvements. The gentlemen of the last century wore side-arms, with a readiness to resist or offer aggression on any suiting occasion, while now the more numerous class of ruffians wear pistols and bowie-knives. The gentleman wore his sword openly, but the ruffian carries his pistol secretly. Though there is a change here it is evident that there is no improvement in the case. Improvement must come from scientific and systematic effort. Men of philosophical minds admit this, and why are our school boards so slow to acknowledge it ? Is it because they are too sharp or too dull—which ?

There is hardly a paper we take up that does not contain several or many notices of outrages upon personal rights which might have been prevented to a very considerable extent by a proper course of educational training. We were assured some years ago by a Mexican gentleman that the number of assassinations in our

neighboring republic amounted annually to about three thousand, or one to every three thousand inhabitants; and to judge from the perusal of our newspapers it would seem that we must be rapidly tending toward that proportion here in the United States.

The reform schools which have been established do not meet the necessities of the case. They are merely inefficient *remedies*, when what we really need is measures of *prevention*. That prevention must consist of early training in our public schools. Our governors—in other words the people—are supposed to be trained there, and they should know how to respect the rights and sensibilities of their subjects. A training is needed which shall carry some idea of good breeding into families from only too many of which such ideas have long since been excluded, if indeed they ever entered there at all. Our teachers themselves must be trained to a uniform system of practical moral philosophy for children, which is simply good breeding, before our manners can be suited to the needs of the highest order of society. The process will be a long and painstaking one, but it should be undertaken with patience and determination. The end proposed is a great and good one, and no efforts made to attain it can be entirely lost, even if they should fail to accomplish all that is desired.

Capital and Labor.

No two words in the English language are perhaps more misunderstood to-day than those heading this article. From one end of the land to the other capital and labor seem at variance, and strikes in the great manufacturing districts are the order of the day. There is a mistake somewhere. The capitalist cries out that he cannot do more than he is doing to compensate labor, and the laborer urges in reply that he is inefficiently remunerated, and that the sweat of his brow, instead of building up his own and his family's fortune, adds only to the affluence and enjoyment of the capitalist. For the prosperity of any State three things are absolutely necessary, viz., labor, capital and brains, and all three should go hand in hand. Labor will produce capital, but a third something is required, and that something is brains. Labor and capital, how useful soever in themselves, would be inadequate to building up solid fortunes or the prosperity of government unless aided by that essential third and important factor, intelligence or brains. It is idle to say that labor is everything, and it is equally foolish to entertain the thought that money or independent riches can do everything in the world. Labor begets capital, the latter increases and creates anew, as it were, the necessity for the former, whilst brains superintend the distribution of both. In the present state of society it is rank folly to say that all men are equal. All men are not equal, and the shout that they are is the clamor of the Socialist, and if allowed to become a power would subvert, as it has subverted in many countries, all good order and well-shaped government. Men are equal in this sense, that they have the same rights in the eye of the law, because the law as reflecting eternal justice is supposed to judge men as God does, that is, without respect of persons. But even in the civil order all men are not equal, and essentially from the duties they perform, from the offices they fulfill, a certain inequality must exist. The judge on the bench receives, and justly, a higher salary than the clerk who performs the service of amanuensis in his office. Certain classes in the community enjoy privileges beyond those conferred upon individuals. A company for the benefit of the masses has a monopoly over those whom it serves, and so on might instances be multiplied *ad infinitum* to show that all men are far from being in all things equal.

And in the social order men do not stand in all respects upon a footing of entire equality. In this world of ours tastes and talents differ, producing a variety of professions. The artist skilled to work with brush and chisel will scorn to stoop to the work of making money by trading in dry goods, or selling cheap cloths, calculating his profits by inquiring how much he has saved in discounts, even if he does pay his bills every ten days. The merchant on the contrary who calculates his income by the hundred thousand will never think of the satisfaction there may be in writing a book or a novel, interesting soever it may be, when he is assured that his publisher may eat up half his profits, and his only reward, beside the comfort there is in intellectual labor, amounts at best to a few hundred dollars. Among artists the best and cleverest will always outstrip the others, and the merchant of to-day worth fifty thousand may by skillful competition and fortunate circumstance combined with untiring energy, own half a million tomorrow. All men are far from being equal, but inasmuch as men need each other and were made to help each other so must they shape their ways in life as to extract a mutual service, and make their aims in life subordinate to the general good.

The parable of the members of the body fighting against the stomach, and their after reconciliation, we commend to capitalists and laborers.

Capital and labor must go together and befriend one another. The bridge that upholds both is brains. The sooner people learn to associate all these the sooner will the problem of the right distribution of capital and labor be understood. One thing is certain—capital must have labor, as this last must look to the first for its support and reward, and the two must bow in acknowledgment to brains for a wise system and a careful provision of the interests of all three.

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE,

Author of "Bressant," "Saxon Titles,"
"Idolatry," "Garth," etc., etc.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

CHAPTER I.

THE time at which this story begins was a time of many beginnings and many endings. The Eighteenth Century had expired the better part of a score of years before, and everything was in confusion. Youth—tumultuous, hearty, reckless, showy, slangy, insolent, kindly, savage—was the genius of the hour. The Iron Duke had thrashed the Corsican Ogre, England was the Queen of nations, and Englishmen thought so much of themselves and of one

were laid up in lavender and rose leaves. Hair was cropped short behind and dressed with flat curls in front. Mob-caps and top-knot caps, skull-caps and fronts, turbans and muslin kerchiefs, and puffed yellow satins—these things were a trifle antiquated, and belonged to the elder generation. Gentlemen said "Damny, sir!" "Doosid," "Egad," "Stifle me!" "Monstrous fine," "Faith!" and "S'blood!" The ladies said, "Thank God!" "God A'mighty!" and "Law!" and everybody said "Genteel." Stage-coaches and post-horses occupied the place of railways and telegraphs, and driving was a fine art, and five hours from Brighton to London was monstrous slow going. Stage-coachmen were among the potentates of the day; they could do but one thing, but that they did perfectly; they were clannish among themselves, bullies to the poor, comrades to gentlemen, licksplittles to lords, and the high-priests of horse-flesh, which was at that epoch one of the most influential religions in England; pugilism being another,

erty and wealth were married in every human soul, so that beggars were rich in some things and princes poor in others; young men and women fell in love, and either fell out again, or wedded, or took the law into their own hands, or jilted one another, just as they do now. Men in power were tyrannous or just, pompous or simple, wise or foolish, and men in subjection were faithful or dishonest, servile or self-respectful, scheming or contented, then as now. Then, no less than now, some men broke one Commandment, some another, and some broke all; and the young looked forward to a good time coming and the old prophesied misfortune. At that epoch, as in this, Death plied his trade after his well-known fashion, which seems so cruel and arbitrary, and is so merciful and wise. And finally—to make an end of this summary—the human race was predestined to good, and the individual human being was free to choose either good or evil, the same then as now and always. And—to leave generalities and begin upon particu-

from side to side like a vessel riding the seas. Jehu had for the time being surrendered the reins to the young gentleman who sat beside him. The youth in question was fashionably dressed, so far as could be judged from the glimpses of his attire that showed beneath the layers of benjamins in which his rather diminutive person was enveloped. His narrow face wore a rakish but supercilious expression, which was enhanced by his manner of wearing a hat shaped like a truncated cone with a curled brim. He sat erect and square, with an exaggerated dignity, as if the importance of the whole coach-and-four were concentrated in himself.

"You can do it, Mr. Bendibow—you can do it, sir," remarked Jehu, in a tone halfway between subservience and patronage. "You've got it in you, sir, and do you know why?"

"Well, to be sure, I've had some practice," said Mr. Bendibow, conscious of his worth and pleased to have it commended, but with the modesty of true



"YOU HAVE SAVED MY BONES AT THE COST OF YOUR OWN. I AM A BIT OF A SURGEON; LET ME LOOK AT YOUR ARM."

another that society, for all its caste, became well-nigh republican. Gentlemen were bruisers and bruisers were gentlemen. At Ranelagh and Vauxhall fine ladies rubbed shoulders with actresses, magistrates foregathered with jockeys and sharpers, and the guardians of public order had more to fear from young bloods and sprigs of nobility than from professional thieves and blacklegs. Costumes were grotesque and irrational, but were worn with a dash and effrontery that made them becoming. There were cocked hats and steeple-crowned hats; yards of neck-cloth and mountains of coat-collar; green coats and blue coats, claret coats and white coats; four or five great coats, one on top of another; small clothes and tight breeches, corduroys, hessians and pumps. Beards were shaved smooth, and hair grew long. Young ladies wore drab Josephs and flat-crowned beaver bonnets, and rode to balls on pillion with their ball clothes in bandboxes. The lowest of necks were compensated by the shortest of waists; and the gleam of garter-buckles showed through the filmy skirts that scarcely reached to the ankle. Coral necklaces were the fashion, and silvery twilled silks and lace tuckers; and these fine things

caste a third, and drunkenness the fourth. A snuff-box was still the universal wear, blue-pill was the specific for liver complaint, shopping was done in Cheape and Cornhill; fashionable bloods lodged in High Holborn, lounged at Bennet's and the Piazza Coffee-House, made calls in Grosvenor Square, looked in at a dog-fight, or to see Kemble, Siddons or Kean in the evening, and finished the night over rack-punch and cards at the club. Literature was not much in vogue, though most people had read "Birron" and the "Monk," and many were familiar with the "Dialogues of Devils," the "Arabian Nights," and "Zadkiel's Prophetic Almanac;" while the "Dairyman's Daughter" either had been written or soon was to be. Royalty and nobility showed themselves much more freely than they do now. George the Third was still King of England, and George, his son, was still the first gentleman and foremost blackguard of Europe; and everything, in short, was outwardly very different from what it is at the present day. Nevertheless, underneath all appearances, flowed then, as now, the mighty current of human nature. Then, as now, mothers groaned that infants might be born; pov-

lars—it was at this time that Mrs. Lockhart (who, seven-and-forty years ago, as lovely Fanny Pell, had cherished a passing ideal passion for Handsome Tom Grantley, and had got over it and married honest young Lieutenant Lockhart)—that Mrs. Lockhart, we say, having lost her beloved Major at Waterloo, and finding herself in somewhat narrow circumstances, had made up her mind to a new departure in life, and had, in accordance with this determination, caused her daughter Marion to write "Lodgings to Let" on a card, and to hang the same up in the window of the front drawing-room. This event occurred on the morning of the third of May, Eighteen hundred and sixteen.

CHAPTER II.

THAT same day the Brighton coach was bowling along the road to London at the rate of something over five minutes to the mile, a burly, much be-caped Jehu on the box and a couple of passengers on the seat on either side of him. The four horses, on whose glistening coats the sunshine shifted pleasantly, seemed dwarfed by the blundering structure which trundled at their heels, and which occasionally swayed top-heavily

genius, forbearing to admit himself miraculous.

Jehu shook his head solemnly. "Practice be damned, sir! What's practice, I ask, to a man what hadn't got it in him beforehand? It was in your blood, Mr. Bendibow, afore ever you was out of your cradle, sir. Because why? Because your father, Sir Francis, as fine a gen'l'man and as open-handed as ever sat on a box, was as good a whip as might be this side o' London, and I makes no doubt but what he is so to this day. That's what I say, and if any says different why I'm ready to back it." In uttering this challenge Jehu stared about him with a hectoring air, but without meeting any one's eye, as if defying things in general but no one in particular.

"Is Sir Francis Bendibow living still? Pardon me the question; I formerly had some slight acquaintance with the gentleman, but for a good many years past I have lived out of the country."

These were the first words that the speaker of them had uttered. He was a meagre, elderly man, rather shabbily dressed, and sat second from the coachman on the left. While speaking he leaned forward, allowing his visage to emerge from

the bulwark of coat collar that rose on either side of it. It was a remarkable face, though at first sight not altogether a winning one. The nose was an abrupt aquiline, thin at the bridge, but with distended nostrils; the mouth was straight, the lips seeming thin, rather from a constant habit of pressing them together than from natural conformation. The bony chin slanted forward aggressively, increasing the uncompromising aspect of the entire countenance. The eyebrows, of a pale auburn hue, were sharply arched, and the eyes beneath were so widely opened that the whole circle of the iris was visible. The complexion of this person, judging from the color of the hair, should have been blond, but either owing to exposure to the air or from some other cause it was of a deep reddish-brown tint. His voice was his most attractive feature, being well modulated and of an agreeable though penetrating quality, and to some ears it might have been a guarantee of the speaker's gentility strong enough to outweigh the indications of his somewhat threadbare costume.

"My father is in good health, to the best of my knowledge," said young Mr. Bendibow, glancing at the other and speaking curtly. Then he added, "You have the advantage of me, sir."

"I call myself Grant," returned the elderly man.

"Never heard my father mention the name," said Mr. Bendibow loftily.

"I dare say not," replied Mr. Grant, lapsing into his coat collar.

"Some folks," observed Jehu in a meditative tone, yet loud enough to be heard by all—"some folks thinks to gain credit by speaking the names of those superior to them in station. Other folks thinks that fine names don't mend ragged breeches. I speaks my opinion, because why? Because I backs it."

"You'd better mind your horses," said the gentleman who sat between the coachman and Mr. Grant. "There!—catch hold of my arm, sir!"

The last words were spoken to Mr. Grant just as the coach lurched heavily to one side and toppled over. The off leader had shied at a tall white mile-stone that stood conspicuous at a corner of the road, and before Mr. Bendibow could gather up his reins the right wheels of the vehicle had entered the ditch and the whole machine was hurled off its balance into the hedge-row. The outside passengers, with the exception of one or two who clung to their seats, were projected into the field beyond, together with a number of boxes and portmanteaux. The wheelers lost their footing and floundered in the ditch, while the leaders, struggling furiously, snapped their harness and careened down the road. From within the coach meanwhile proceeded the sound of feminine screams and lamentation.

The first thing clearly perceptible amidst the confusion was the tremendous oath of which the coachman delivered himself, as he upreared his ponderous bulk from the half-inanimate figure of young Mr. Bendibow, upon whom he had fallen, having himself received at the same time a smart blow on the ear from a flying carpet-bag. The next person to arise was Mr. Grant, who appeared to have escaped unhurt, and after a moment the gentleman who, by interposing himself between the other and danger, had broken his fall, also got to his feet, looking a trifle pale about the lips.

"I much fear, sir," said the elder man, with an accent of grave concern in his voice, "that I have been the occasion of your doing yourself an injury. You have saved my bones at the cost of your own. I am a bit of a surgeon; let me look at your arm."

"Not much harm done, I fancy," returned the other, forcing a smile. "There's something awkward here, though," he added the next moment. "A joint out of kilter, perhaps."

"I apprehended as much," said Mr. Grant. He passed his hand underneath the young man's coat. "Ay, there's a dislocation here," he continued; "but if you can bear a minute's pain I can put it right again. We must get your coat off, and then—"

"Better get the ladies out of their cage first; that's not so much courtesy on my part as that I wish to put off the painful minute you speak of as long as may be. I'm a damnable coward—should sit down and cry if I were alone. Ladies first, for my sake!"

"You laugh, sir; but if that shoulder is not in place immediately it may prove no laughing matter. The ladies are doing very well—they have found a rescuer already. Your coat off, if you please. What fools fashion makes of men! Where I come from

none wear coats save Englishmen, and even they are satisfied with one. Ah! that was a twinge; it were best to cut the sleeve perhaps?"

"In the name of decency, no! To avoid trouble, I have long carried my wardrobe on my back, and 'twould never do to enter London with a shirt only. Better a broken bone than a wounded coat sleeve—ha! well, this is for my sins, I suppose. I wish Providence would keep the punishment till all the sins are done—this piecemeal retribution is the devil. Well, now for it! Sir, I wish you were less humane—my flesh and bones cry out against your humanity. Dryden was wrong, confound him! Pity is akin to—to—whew!—to the Inquisition. God Apollo! shall I ever write poetry after this? And 'tis only left arm, after all!—not to be left alone, however—ah! . . . A thousand thanks, sir; but you leave me ten years older than you found me. Our acquaintance has been a long and (candor compels me to say) a confoundedly painful one. To be serious, I am heartily indebted to you."

"Take a pull at this flask, young gentleman; 'tis good cognac that I got as I came through France. I recollect to have read, when I was a boy in school, that Nero fiddled whilst Rome was burning: you seem to have a measure of his humor, since you can jest while the framework of your mortal dwelling-place is in jeopardy. As for your indebtedness—my neck may be worth much or little, but, such as it is, you saved it. The balance is still against me."

"Leave balances to bankers: otherwise we might have to express our obligations to Mr. Bendibow, there, for introducing us to each other. Does no one here, besides myself, need your skill?"

"It appears not, to judge by the noise they make," replied the old gentleman dryly. "That blackguard of a coachman should lose his place for this. The manners of these fellows have changed for the worst since I saw England last. How do you find yourself, Mr. —— I beg your pardon?"

"Lancaster is my name; and I feel very much like myself again," returned the other, getting up from the bank against which he had been reclining while the shoulder-setting operation had been going on, and stretching out his arms tentatively.

As he stood there, Mr. Grant looked at him with the eye of a man accustomed to judge of men. With his costume reduced to shirt, small-clothes and hessians, young Lancaster showed to advantage. He was above the medium height, and strongly made, deep in the chest and elastic in the loins. A tall and massive white throat supported a head that seemed small, but was of remarkably fine proportions and character. The contours of the face were, in some places, so refined as to appear feminine, yet the expression of the principal features was eminently masculine and almost bold. Large black eyes answered to the movements of a sensitive and rather sensuous mouth; the chin was round and resolute. The young man's hair was black and wavy, and of a length that, in our day, would be called effeminate; it fell apart at the temple in a way to show the unusual height and fineness of the forehead. The different parts of the face were fitted together compactly and smoothly, without creases, as if all had been moulded from one motive and idea—not as if composed of a number of inharmonious ancestral prototypes: yet the range of expression was large and vivid. The general aspect in repose indicated gravity and reticence; but as soon as a smile began, then appeared gleams and curves of a humorous gayety. And there was a brilliance and concentration in the whole presence of the man which was within and distinct from his physical conformation, and which rendered him conspicuous and memorable.

"Lancaster—the name is not unknown to me," remarked Mr. Grant, but in an indrawn tone, characteristic of a man accuséd to communiting to himself. During this episode, the other travelers had been noisily and confusedly engaged in pulling themselves together and discussing the magnitude of their disaster. Some laborers, whom the accident had attracted from a neighboring field, were pressed into service to help in setting matters to rights. One was sent after the escaped horses; others lent their hands and shoulders to the task of getting the coach out of the ditch and replacing the luggage upon it. Mr. Bendibow, seated upon his portmanteau, his fashionable attire much outraged by the clayey soil into which he had fallen, maintained a demeanor of sullen indignation; being apparently of the opinion that the whole catastrophe was the result of a

conspiracy between the rest of the passengers against his own person. The coachman, in a semi-apoplectic condition from the combined effects of dismay, suppressed profanity, and a bloody jaw, was striving with hasty and shaking fingers to mend the broken harness; the ladies were grouped together in the roadway in a shrill-complaining and hysterical cluster, protesting by turns that nothing should induce them ever to enter the vehicle again, and that unless it started at once their prospects of reaching London before dark would be at an end. Lancaster glanced at his companion with an arch smile.

"My human sympathies can't keep abreast of so much distress," said he. "I shall take myself off. Hammersmith cannot be more than three or four miles distant, and my legs will be all the better for a little stretching. If you put up at the 'Plough and Harrow' to-night, we may meet again in an hour or two; meantime I will bid you good-day; and, once more, many thanks for your surgery."

He held out his hand, into which Mr. Grant put his own. "A brisk walk will perhaps be the best thing for you," he remarked. "Guard against sudden check of perspiration when you arrive; and bathe the shoulder with a lotion . . . by-the-by, would you object to a fellow-pedestrian? I was held to be a fair walker in my younger days, and I have not altogether lost the habit of it."

"It will give me much pleasure," returned the other, cordially.

"Then I am with you," rejoined the elder man.

They gave directions that their luggage should be put down at the "Plough and Harrow," and set off together along the road without more ado.

CHAPTER III.

THEY had not made more than a quarter of a mile, when the tramp of hoofs and trundle of wheels caused them to turn round with an exclamation of surprise that the coach should so speedily have recovered itself. A first glance showed them, however, that the vehicle advancing toward them was a private carriage. Two of the horses carried postilions; the carriage was painted red and black; and as it drew near a coat of arms was seen emblazoned on the door-panel. The turn-out evidently belonged to a person of quality, and there was something in its aspect which suggested a foreign nationality. The two gentlemen stood on one side to let it pass. As it did so, Mr. Grant said, "The lady looked at you as if she knew you."

"Me! a lady?" returned Lancaster, who had been so occupied in watching the fine action of one of the leaders, as to have had no eyes for the occupants of the carriage.

As he spoke the carriage stopped a few rods beyond them, and a lady, who was neither young nor beautiful, put her head out of the window and motioned to Lancaster with her lifted finger. Muttering an apology to his companion, the young man strode forward, wondering what new adventure might be in store for him. But on reaching the carriage-door his wonder came to an end. There were two ladies inside, and only one of them was unbeautiful. The other was young and in every way attractive. Her appearance and manner were those of a personage of distinction, but her fair visage was alive with a subtle lumenousness and mobility of expression which made formality in her seem a playful grace rather than an artificial habit. The margin of her face was swathed in the soft folds of a silken hood, but a strand of reddish hair curled across her white forehead, and a pair of dark, swift-moving and very penetrating eyes met with a laughing sparkle the eyes of Lancaster. He doffed his hat.

"Madame la Marquise! In England! Where is Monsieur?"

"Hush! You are the same as ever—you meet me after six months, and instead of saying you are glad to see me, you ask where is the Marquis! *Ma foi!* I don't know where he is."

"Surely Madame la Marquise does not need to be told how glad I am!"

"Pshaw! Don't 'Madame la Marquise,' me, Philip Lancaster! Are we not old friends—old enough, eh? Tell me what you were doing walking along this road with that shabby old man?"

"Old gentleman, Madame la Marquise. The coach was upset!"

"What! You were on that coach that we passed just now in the ditch? You were not hurt?"

"If it had not been for this shabby old gentleman I might have been a cripple for life."

"Oh! I beg his pardon. Where do you go, then? To London?"

"Not so far. I shall look for lodgings in Hammersmith."

"Nonsense! Hammersmith? I never heard of such a place. What should you do there? You will live in London—near me—*n'est-ce pas?*"

"I have work to do. I must keep out of society for the present. You"—

"Listen! For the present, I keep out of society also. I am incognito. No one knows I am here; no one will know till the time comes. We shall keep each other's secrets. But we cannot converse here. Get in here beside me, and on the way I will tell you . . . something! Come."

"You are very kind, but I have made my arrangements; and, besides, I am engaged to walk with this gentleman. If you will tell me where I may pay my respects to you and Monsieur le Marquis"—

"You are very stupid! I shall tell you nothing unless you come into the carriage. Monsieur le Marquis is not here—he never will be here. I am . . . well you need not stare so. What do you suppose I am, then?"

"You are very mysterious."

"I am nothing of the sort. I am . . . a widow. There!"

Philip Lancaster lifted his eyebrows and bowed.

"What does that mean?" demanded the Marquise sharply; "that you congratulate me?"

"By no means, Madame."

She drew herself up haughtily, and eyed him for a moment. "It appears that your coach has upset you in more ways than one. I apologize for interrupting you in your walk. Beyond doubt, your friend there is very charming. You are impatient to say farewell to me."

"Nothing more than '*au revoir*,' I hope."

She let her haughtiness slip from her like a garment, and, leaning forward, she touched with her soft fingers his hand which rested upon the carriage door.

"You will come here and sit beside me, Philip? Yes?" Her eyes dwelt upon his with an expectation that was almost a command.

"You force me to seem discourteous," he said, biting his lips, "but"—

"There! do not distress yourself," she exclaimed with a laugh, and leaning back in her seat. "Adieu! I do not recognize you in England: in Paris you were not so much an Englishman. If we meet in Paris perhaps we shall know each other again. Madame Cabot, have the goodness to tell the coachman to drive on." These words were spoken in French.

Madame Cabot, the elderly and unbeautiful lady already alluded to, who had sat during this colloquy with a face as unmoved as if English were to her the same as Choctaw, gave the order desired, the horses started, and Philip Lancaster, left alone by the roadside, put on his hat, with a curve of his lip that was not either a smile or a sneer.

Mr. Grant, meanwhile, had strolled onward, and was now some distance down the road. He waited for Lancaster to rejoin him, holding his open snuff-box in his hand; and when the young man came up, he offered him a pinch, which the latter declined. The two walked on together for several minutes in silence, Lancaster only having said, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting—an acquaintance whom I met abroad," to which Mr. Grant had replied by a mere nod of the head. By-and-by, however, he said, in resumption of the conversation which had been going on previous to the Marquise's interruption:

"Is it many years then since you left England?"

"Seven or eight—long enough for a man of my age. But you have been absent even longer?"

"Yes; much has been changed since my time. It has been a period of changes. Now that Bonaparte is gone, we may hope for repose. England needs repose: so do I—though my vicissitudes have not been involved in hers. I have lived apart from the political imbroglio. But you must have been in the midst of it. Did you see Waterloo?"

"Only the remains of it: I was a non-combatant. Major Lockhart—a gentleman I met in Paris about three years ago, a fine fellow and a good soldier—we ran across each other again in Brussels, a few days before the battle. Lockhart was killed. He was a man of over sixty; was married, and had a grown-up daughter, I believe. He had been living at home with his family since '13, and had hoped to see no more fighting. When he did not come back with his regiment, I rode out to look for him.

and found his body. That's all I know of Waterloo."

"You never bore arms yourself?"

"No. My father was a clergyman; not that that would make much difference; besides, he was not of the bookworm sort, and didn't object to a little foxhunting and sparring. But I have never believed in anything enough to fight for it. I am like the Duke in 'Measure for Measure'—a looker-on at life."

"Ah! I can conceive that such an occupation may be not less arduous than any. But do you confine yourself to that? Do you never record your impressions?—cultivate literature, for example?"

Lancaster's face flushed a little, and he turned his head toward his companion with a quick, inquiring look. "How came you to think of that?" he asked.

The old gentleman passed his hand down over his mouth and chin, as if to correct an impulse to smile. "It was but a chance word of your own, while I was at work upon your shoulder-joint," he replied. "You let fall some word implying that you had written poetry. I am very slightly acquainted with modern English literature, and could not speak from personal knowledge of your works were you the most renowned poet of the day. Pardon me the liberty."

Lancaster looked annoyed for a moment; but the next moment he laughed. "You cannot do me a better service than to show me that I'm a fool," he said. "I'm apt to forget it. In theory, I care not a penny whether what I write is read or not; but I do care all the same. I pretend to be a looker-on at life from philosophical motives; but, in fact, it's nothing but laziness. I try to justify myself by scribbling poetry, and am pleased when I find that any one has discovered my justification. But if I were really satisfied with myself, I should leave justification to whom it might concern."

"My existence has been passed in what are called practical affairs," Mr. Grant returned; "but I am not ready to say that, considered in themselves, they have as much real life in them as a single verse of true poetry. Poetry and music are things beyond my power to achieve, but not to enjoy. The experience of life which cannot be translated into poetry or music, is a lifeless and profitless experience." He checked himself, and added in his usual tone: "I mean to say that, man of business though I am, I am not unacquainted with the writings of poets, and I take great delight in them. The wisest thing a man can do is, I apprehend, to augment the enjoyment of other men. Commerce and polities aim to develop our own wealth and power at the cost of others; but poetry, like love, gives to all, and asks for nothing except to be received."

"Have a care, or you will undo the service I have just thanked you for. Besides, as a matter of fact, poetry in our days not only asks to be received, but to be received by publishers, and paid for!"

Something in the young man's manner of saying this, rather than the saying itself, seemed to strike Mr. Grant, for he glanced at the other with a momentary keenness of scrutiny, and presently said:

"Your father, I think you mentioned, was a clergyman?"

"He was Herbert Lancaster."

Mr. Grant halted for a moment in his walk to extract his snuff-box from his pocket. After having taken a pinch, he again gave a sharp look at his companion, and observed as he walked on:

"My prolonged absence from my native land has made my recollection of such matters a little rusty, but am I mistaken in supposing there is a title in the family?"

"My uncle is Lord Croftus—the fifth baron."

"Ah! precisely; yes, yes. Then was it not your father who married a daughter of the Earl of Seabridge? or am I confounding him with another?"

"You are quite right. He married the youngest daughter, Alice; and I am their only child, for lack of a better."

"Ah! Very singular," returned Mr. Grant; but he did not explain in what the singularity consisted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALMA TADEMA says of Helmick, a young Philadelphia artist, who has lately painted a portrait of Julian Hawthorne, that he is the most famous living portrait painter, because he is able to give not only features but the actual soul of the sitter. The portrait was painted in Kinsale, Ireland, where painter and author spent some time during last summer.

THE POET.

His life was spirit gifted,
As no other being born,
His soul was upward lifted
As radiance of the morn.
His path was as the Indus,
When a rainbow spans the stream,
Around his head a nimbus
Crowned, the halo of a dream.

Spirit life, his inward being,
Shone around him on his way,
Taught him, the future seeing,
Glories of the living day.
When he walk'd light there lingered
In his footprints on the sod;
His writing, spirit fingered,
Marked him as the poet god.

A. SAUNDERS PIATT.

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Under Green Apple Boughs.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

(CONCLUDED.)

In the meantime letters had reached their destination in the quiet London lodging, and the Professor sat, his head leaning on his hand and an untasted breakfast before him, as the postman's knock sounded. His sister was not yet up and lately had grown so much weaker that a nurse was necessary, and he watched with constantly increasing anxiety each new sign of failing strength. At times as she brightened and seemed more her old self his spirits rose, but the weariness and terrible uncertainty as to Sylvia's fate had told upon them both, and years seemed added to his age. The shaggy brown locks were streaked with gray, and pain had graven lines no coming peace could ever obliterate. He looked at the letters listlessly, his eyes lighting a little as he saw Geike's well-known hand.

"Two from him," he said. "That is good. He has given me more time than he could well afford, bless him!"

As he read the opening paragraph his face changed. He tore open the other envelope, saw Sylvia's letter, and, rushing into an inner room where none could intrude, locked the door and gave himself up to the flood of feeling repressed for weeks. With a vehement intensity he devoured the pages, then covered his face and sat silent.

"How can the child forgive me for having doubted her a moment?" he thought at last, when thought began to take conscious form. "I am a villain and I will tell her so. I think she will hate me and it will be just. I deserve it. Berry is an angel. What can we do for him? I must ask Catherine, and what a brute I am for having read this twice without going to her! Can she bear it though? I'll go in and see her and judge how she is, and I won't let her see there is anything unusual."

The Professor tried to compose his face, an endeavor as futile as if the pool should seek to repress and order back to their source the ever-widening rings from the stone cast into its depths. Joy had taken possession and so changed him that as he appeared in her door Miss Boynton knew without words.

"She is found!" she cried. "Is she here? Tell me quickly, John."

"Found and on the way to us now," the brother answered. "And here is her letter, Catharine. Do you think you can bear to hear it?"

"I could not bear it if I did not," Miss Boynton said, holding the letter for a moment to her heart and murmuring, "God be praised! Read it to me, John. Sit close by me so that I can see if I like."

"Only three days, four perhaps," she said when the letter had been read and then transferred to her own hands while she listened to Geike. "But what does he mean, John, by saying that 'new prospects are before her now and her life to change entirely'?"

"I had not taken that in. Of course it means but one thing," the Professor said with a pang. "He has persuaded her to marry him, and under the circumstances it is wise for her and noble in him. But I did not think she could change so quickly. Are all women alike in that?"

Miss Boynton smiled faintly.

"She has not changed," she said. "She is all ours still, and I shall see her before I go perhaps. Last night I was worse, John. I said that two or three days more must end it, but now I may stay long enough to see you both together and hear her promise that she will not leave you. You will work together. She is quicker and keener than I have ever been, and may do great things. And perhaps, by-and-by, when all this sorrow is past, you may both"—

"Hush, Catherine," said her brother hoarsely, burying his face in the pillow. "Hush! I cannot bear it. Try to stay. Don't give up. Will can do so much. If you will only try hard enough it is not hopeless yet. We will all go home together."

"Poor John," was all she answered, looking at him wistfully, then added: "Let us be only happy in these last days. The child must feel that there is no break and never has been. Now I think I can sleep a little, for I am perfectly content."

Days went on and still no news came.

The season was unfavorable, and full allowance had been made for all detentions, but it began to be feared that something more than usual delayed arrival. Miss Boynton showed little uneasiness.

"She will come," she said and lay quietly waiting.

The Professor haunted the Company's office, going between that and his lodgings many times a day, though a messenger had already been engaged to bring him the first word of intelligence received. A week had already passed—a week of such anxiety as had sharpened his face and added still more to the gray fast gaining upon the brown in his hair. But with the eighth day came a change which held him by the bedside, agonizing himself in the mortal anguish in which the life he loved was passing from him. Far into the night they watched her and at last quiet came, the infinite quiet whose gray, still shadow resting on her face told them that suffering was done and rest very near at hand. Once more the brother knelt by her, in a vain reaching after, a hopeless clinging to the sweet soul vanishing from him, and once more her hand moved toward him and clasped his and their lips met. Then she stretched out her arms and rose suddenly, a smile of radiant surprise on her face.

"Mother!" she cried. "Then you have come, and Sylvia too. I knew you would!"

She fell back and was silent. The Professor sprang up and turned to the door as all had done, but no one answered his sudden call:

"Oh, child, are you there?"

"It is some one she has loved," the physician said. "It is often so with the dying. Now, my dear sir, let me beg you to go and lie down. It is all you can do now."

In silence the brother obeyed. A deeper terror was upon him—fear so agonizing that present grief seemed to dwindle and recede. Could it be that both had left him, for how else should he understand the strange thrill that had passed over him; the sense for a moment that the child was there—the surety still of some strange presence. As in a dream he went through the hours till his dead was hidden from him, then took train to Liverpool and once more waited such news as might come.

Till the fifth day out the passage had been comparatively comfortable. Then the clouds, hanging gray and low about them, suddenly let loose a storm of blinding sleet and snow that rendered any stay on deck impossible, and both Sylvia and Geike shut off from the fresh air were forced from seasickness into close confinement in their respective state-rooms. For three days the ship labored heavily, beaten back by wind and storm. The screw had lost two paddles, and progress was so slow that at the end of a week hardly half the actual distance had been accomplished.

At last came clear sunshine and with the first gleam of it Sylvia crept on deck. Geike was startled when he looked into her face, for the deep trouble, even terror of the past, showed there once more.

"Tell me, liebchen," he said as they paced the deck together—"tell me, for more is wrong I see than delay. What is it?"

"It is a dream; I know it must be a dream," Sylvia answered low. "Yet our going is useless. She will not be there."

"That is fancy. You are sick and so not rational."

"No, I am not sick, and I am as rational as you. But I have been in her room. Dream or no dream, I saw her. She spoke to me. She cried out, 'Then you have come! I knew you would!' and then she fell back—dead. I know it for I saw it."

"And where is John?"

"I do not know. I saw only her, but it was plain as you are now, and when I woke she seemed by me. She seems by me now and I know we are too late. Oh, how hard it is!"

Sylvia drew her veil over her face and heavy sobs shook her. Geike looked at her in troubled sympathy.

"Liebchen," he said at last, "if she has gone, and it may well be, you are needed as never, for what is John without

her? We both needed her. There is work for a lifetime. Be comforted. I think well those eyes have seen the truth, and now who but you must have strength for three."

"But think what I must always remember," Sylvia said brokenly. "It is because of me that she has been so killed with trouble. I have wished the sea had taken me, for in all the years I can remember I have been sure it would, till now when the dread is all gone and I look at it quietly as you do. But all it has ever brought is sorrow, and only sorrow."

"There you have wrong," said Geike, "for if Catherine were here would she not say that in giving you it gave joy enough to make all after sorrow well borne? Are two, three months so much in a lifetime? And now the sea draws no more and all is ours."

Once more at evening they sailed into the thick fog overhanging the Mersey, and as they anchored at last by the long quay Sylvia saw dimly through tears the face in which joy and sorrow struggled, and knew that the dream had been reality and that only memory of the strong, tender heart remained for any of them. But even in sorrow came the quiet gladness of the old possession. Doubt and trouble fled away, and as the three journeyed toward London Sylvia took up the burden laid down by the weary soul gone from them, and vowed herself to the work lying plainly before her; never more to hold the unconscious, joyous life of the past, but with a deeper understanding and a thrill of expectation as the years unfolded, and in each one she saw the sure promise of a never-ending progress, guarded and aided by human love and leading on to the Infinite and Eternal.

Home and name had waited for her. In the first bewilderment it had seemed impossible that England could be home, but when all necessary formalities had ended and she took final possession it was with an ardor understood best by Geike, who in the three years that followed came and went as if the Atlantic were but a ferry, waiting always for an end he felt sure must come. London held as good, perhaps even better conditions for working than the past had known, and the Professor seemed to have small inclination for return.

There came a morning of early spring when Geike walked down the avenue under the old trees. Beyond lay the orchard white and pink with apple blossoms. Sylvia's hands were full as she came toward him, and behind followed the Professor.

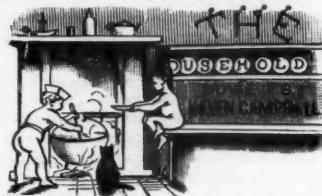
"They told me you had just come down," said Geike with a quick look. "So it is settled, John?"

"Yes, it is settled," the Professor said.

THE END.

WE are so accustomed to periodical alarms on the subject of adulteration, and submit to its myriad forms with such entire equanimity, that we shall probably pay small attention to a more recent one described in the *Journal of Chemistry*, and far more insidious in its effects than any dozen previous ones. Beans in coffee, flour in mustard, water in lard, lard in butter, all this is simple and inoffensive. But terra alba, the fine white earth employed in adulterating flour, pulverized sugar, milk, spices, confectionery, to an extent undreamed of and almost incredible, is neither innocent nor inoffensive. Two-thirds their weight of terra alba has been obtained from lozenges. The chalky taste sometimes noticed in delicate white crackers, the white scum in the teacup from a spoonful of sugar, the tastelessness of bakers' bread, all have the same origin, and mean an adulteration sure in the end to produce one of the most terrible forms of dyspepsia. Even where manufacturers would prefer to be honest custom sanctions and almost forces certain forms of adulteration, but the present one means an evil entirely against which instant action should be taken by every one of its victims.

THE instinctive antipathy of all half-enlightened races to the census has just had another illustration in Russia, the appearance of the enumerators having been the signal for a general outbreak at Dunaburg, in which much property was destroyed. On the same principle that a savage believes any pictorial representation of himself to be an invitation to evil spirits, who can by means of the sketch or photograph work unending mischief, figures, or indeed writing of any sort, are regarded with the same suspicion by the grade just above the savage, and will be till popular education has cleared away such mists of ignorance and prejudice.



A WORD IN SEASON.

WITH spring and the stir and thrill of new life that even in the city rouses one to a longing for some change that shall put winter altogether out of sight and mind, comes the necessity for a renovation indoors as well as out. Dirt, no matter how fought against, is in ambush in every corner, and neither dust-pan nor broom have any permanent influence where furnaces are constantly undoing their work, and sending out on every puff of hot air the impalpable, invisible ashes, which yet in an hour after dusting give full evidence of their presence. The modern housekeeper has many more conveniences than her grandmother, but with them have come disadvantages the grandmother never knew.

A moth in old times was an evidence of "shiflessness" no good housekeeper would tolerate, and year after year might pass with no signs of their insidious work. A moth demands warmth and comfort, and seeks it as persistently as any cat, and the house of a hundred years ago, knowing fires in only one or two of the rooms in daily use, was protected by that very fact.

The present system is infinitely more comfortable, but we pay for our privileges in the increased necessity for vigilance in the war against not only moths but many another destructive agency. Every closet, drawer and piece-bag or basket demands a ransacking and clearing up at least once a year, and carpets, beds, curtains, every thing that can catch or retain dust or afford lodging for moths, must have at least one annual, absolute purification.

To the young housekeeper house-cleaning holds nothing but terror. There is a sense that every room must be turned out of doors, and peace and comfort vanish for an indefinite period. Cold dinners or no dinners, damp floors and utter cheerlessness must reign. The master of the house grows wrathful at the very word, and the mistress hears it with a despairing acceptance of its necessity. And yet, though all this is allowed by the majority to work as it will, not the slightest real reason exists for such upheaval. To begin with, the old custom of taking up all the carpets at once was a custom and not a necessity. One room at a time should be done, and only one. If the cleaning is to be done in the spring before furnace fires have been allowed to go out, begin at the top of the house and work down gradually. Closets come first, and need the most careful attention. Walls should first be wiped down, every drawer taken out and washed thoroughly, and every crack of shelves or wood-work wet either with strong borax water or a weak solution of carbolic acid, which is not only a protection against moths but an excellent disinfectant.

It is better to devote a day or two to closets alone, for the work of taking out and planning rearrangement of the contents of each one is more fatiguing than any other portion of house-cleaning. Let everything taken out be thoroughly aired, and consider well whether it is worth while to allow old clothes or shoes to accumulate for the sake of some possible future use. The closets of sleeping-rooms should hold nothing that can vitiate the air, and if an old garment is to be kept it may better be ripped and cleansed at once. Such direction is no slur upon the habits of the owner, for no degree of neatness is security against the impurities of even the daintiest human being. One must fight for cleanliness as for every other good thing, and the warfare is a life-long one. But quiet acceptance of its necessity, and a resolution to make the battle a silent one, takes away half the discomfort, certainly for others, and in the end for one's self. "Study to be quiet" is a little-heeded injunction, but nothing holds fuller recompense than such quietness.

To the tired woman whose head aches, whose hands are bruised and scratched with the unaccustomed handling of accumulations, and who feels as if she were "ready to fly," it will seem an insult to ask, first for calmness, and second that the family life should go on much as usual. But hard as it seems it can be done, though never if too much is attempted in one day. Be content to accomplish slowly. Annoyance is inevitable, but to give way either

to peevishness or scolding, or the desire to rush through with it all, is to lose double the amount of vital force that need be expended.

If any housekeeper has discovered labor-saving methods, which do not get into books, yet which will lighten the burden that comes with this season, the Household column is open to her, and she may be sure that the slightest hint will be welcomed by many tired women. The present word holds rather an appeal for the least obtrusive way of doing things than many specific directions, but these also are in waiting and can be given in the "Answers to Correspondents," who have already propounded some questions deep enough to demand a good many columns for their full elucidation.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

Bean and Corn Soup.
Broiled Shad. *Maitre d'Hotel Butter.*
Scalloped Chicken.
Boiled Potatoes. *Brussels Sprouts*
Salad, Lettuce and Watercress.
Lemon Sponge.
Coffee.

BEAN AND CORN SOUP.

One quart of dried beans, soaked over night; half a pound of salt pork, fat and lean; one pound of lean beef, cut in small pieces; one onion, sliced; three sprigs of parsley, one teaspoonful of celery salt, one of pepper and two of salt, one can of corn, five quarts of water, one tablespoonful of butter and one of sugar. Put everything in the water but the corn, and boil slowly for three hours. One hour before using put over the can of corn with one cup of water, and stew slowly in a separate saucepan, adding the butter and a saltspoonful of salt. Strain the soup, reserving one quart for next day if it can be spared. The beans should be rubbed to a pulp. When strained return to fire, add the corn, and boil all together a minute, then serve with toasted crackers.

BROILED SHAD.

A double wire broiler is best, as the fish can then be turned without danger of breaking. Oil the wires thoroughly. The fire should be clear and hot, unless the fish is very large, in which case it must be more moderate to prevent the outside burning before the inside is done. The fish should be split and wiped with a clean cloth. Cook with the skin side down at first, and broil to a golden brown. This will require for a small fish ten minutes, for large ones from ten to twenty. Do not salt or pepper till done, salt drawing out the juices. Turn oil to a hot platter.

MAITRE D'HOSTEL BUTTER.

One tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, juice of half a lemon. Cream the butter, mix the parsley and add the lemon juice, spreading all over the fish and letting it stand a minute to soak in.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN.

For this the oldest and toughest of fowls answers perfectly well. Cut up as for fricassee, and boil very slowly in four quarts of water, to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt. Not less than three hours will be required. When perfectly tender take out and cool, straining the broth to use for next day's soup, and reserving a cupful for the scallop. Cut the meat in small pieces, not over an inch long. Put over the fire a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, and stir till smooth and boiling. Add the broth slowly, with a saltspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of salt and one of cut parsley, and two well-beaten eggs. Put a thick layer of bread crumbs in the bottom of a pudding-dish, add the chicken and gravy, well mixed, and cover it with another layer of crumbs, dot with bits of butter and bake to a golden brown—about half an hour.

BOILED POTATOES.

As per rule already given. As they are likely to be poor at this season, let them lie in cold water at least two hours after they are peeled.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

Wash carefully, cut off lower part of stems, and let them lie in cold water an hour. Put them into boiling salted water, and cook half an hour or till tender. Drain thoroughly, heap on a dish, and pour a little melted butter over them. Or they may be chopped and seasoned with one tablespoonful of butter and one of vinegar, and a saltspoonful of pepper. This will be sufficient for a peck of sprouts. Where more are boiled the quantity must of course be increased.

LEMON SPONGE.

The juice of four lemons, four eggs, one large cupful of sugar, one pint of cold water, one quarter or half a package of gelatine. Soak the gelatine not less than half an hour in half a cupful of the water. Squeeze the lemons, and mix the strained juice on the sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs to a foam, and mix with the remainder of the water. Add the sugar and lemon to this, and cook in a double boiler till it begins to thicken, then add the gelatine. Strain into a tin basin, and put it in a pan of ice water, beating it occasionally with an egg whisk till it is cool but not hard. Now add the unbeaten whites, and beat all steadily till it begins to thicken, when it must be put in a mould and set away to harden. The moulds must be ready as the hardening is rapid. If by any chance the mixture gets too hard for pouring, put the basin

in one of hot water and let it melt a little, then beat again. Serve with or without cream. Orange juice can be used, but six large ones will be required. Either oranges or lemons are very good.



THE ETIQUETTE OF DINING OUT.

"COSTLY thy habit as thy purse can buy" is not bad rule for the dinner-out. A man of course wears the customary suit of solemn black, unless he be an esthetic and disports himself in knee-breeches and lace ruffles. A lady can scarcely wear too handsome a dress, though it should be different in style from a ball-dress. Her most beautiful jewels and her richest laces find in a ceremonious dinner a suitable occasion for their display. Places at the table should be found as quietly as possible, and a man is wise to inquire before going to the dining-room on which side of the table he is to sit. Guests remain standing until the hostess has taken her seat, and then seat themselves. They lay their table napkin across their laps, take off their gloves, and if there is a roll of bread in their plates they remove it to the left side. If raw oysters have been served they will be eaten at once. It is no longer good form to wait for the rest of the company to be served before beginning to eat, and for this there is a sensible reason, as will be found upon examination to be the case with most of the little changes in fashion which take place from time to time. A grand dinner would be indefinitely prolonged if all the guests waited to eat the same thing at the same time. The waiters begin their service with the lady who sits at the host's right hand, and she should be ready to be seated to the second course by the time the first course has made the round of the table.

A neophyte might perhaps be puzzled among the multiplicity of forks beside her plate, but she will see that the small spoon-shaped fork is used for oysters, and the next smallest for the fish. It is now customary to supply also a silver knife for fish, and this is a great convenience. Should the fish-knife be absent, the fork is to be held in the right hand and assisted by a piece of bread in the left; but the silver knife is preferable and will be found in most houses.

Soup should be eaten with a large spoon. Dessert-spoons for soup are no longer *en règle*, on the theory that soup is nothing unless hot, and that it can be eaten more quickly, and therefore when hotter, by using a large spoon. If you are fastidious about trifling forms you will dip up your soup with the side of the spoon farthest from you and move it toward the farther side of your plate as you lift it toward your mouth. The really important thing is to eat it from the side of the spoon and noiselessly. Nothing is a much surer test of the number of removes we are from our great-grandfather the ape than our manner of taking soup. To eat noisily is loudly to proclaim ourselves unfit for the society of ladies and gentlemen.

In eating any course where both a knife and fork are required the fork should be held in the left hand and the knife in the right. It is not a social crime to transfer the fork to the right hand and back again, but it is now considered better form to keep the fork in the left hand and carry all food to the mouth with that hand, unless in the courses where no knife is required. In eating soft dishes, such as croquettes or sweetbreads, where a fork only is necessary, it is of course held in the right hand. A fork is used whenever it is possible for puddings and jellies, and in many houses for ice-cream. In England, both a fork and a spoon will be given you with the sweets, and both are sometimes used together.

Cheese is the one thing for which a fork is not used, and you will find yourself supplied only with a knife for that course which consists of cheese, lettuce or celery and biscuits, or, as we say, crackers. Vegetables should always be eaten with a fork, except the few which, like artichokes, you hold in your fingers. One is quite at liberty to take asparagus in the fingers and bite it off, though some people prefer to cut off the soft ends and eat them with a fork. Olives are taken in the fingers.

Peaches, pears and apples are prepared for eating with a fruit knife and fork, but

large strawberries are eaten by taking the stem in the fingers and dipping them into the sugar on your plate.

Very young ladies at a dinner seldom eat anything so strongly flavored as cheese, cheese fondue, cheese souffles and that order of edibles. Wasn't it in "Good-by, Sweetheart" that the plain elder sister consoled herself for the want of a lover by the thought that at least she had full liberty to enjoy her dinner—and the fully-blown rose, a bud no longer, may build a monument to her lost youth with raw oysters, a little of the fat from the roast beef, and all sorts of savories from which she would have abstained in her girlhood.

A dinner-party is not the occasion on which the most thorough-going dietetarian can properly make his protest against wine. If he is opposed to wine drinking, he is at liberty quietly to refuse it, or he may let his glass be filled once, and leave it untouched. But any discussion of the subject, any parade of his own convictions as opposed to the custom of the house where he is dining, would be an offense against good taste concerning which it is hardly necessary to utter a caution. Young ladies usually take very little wine at dinner—part of a glass of sherry with soup, and perhaps a subsequent glass of champagne is quite enough for a rosebud; and two or three glasses in all is a generous allowance for a married lady. Even among men who are well bred moderation is the rule. I have seen many a bright wit and accustomed dinner-out stop, inflexibly, after his second or third glass. A little more may have been taken after the ladies left the table, but the days of drinking heavily are over among well-bred people.

When the dessert service is put on the table, the finger-glass with the bit of prettiness under it which plays at being a doily, should be removed to the left side and the glass plate left free for the dessert. All use of the napkin should be as inconspicuous as possible, and toothpicks are horrors, the use of which, like evil deeds, should shun human observation.

At a very small dinner only, the conversation will be general. When the number at table exceeds six or eight the conversation is chiefly carried on in a low tone between those who sit next each other. It is perfectly proper to speak to your next neighbor on either side, whether you have been introduced or not.

It is an important part of good manners to accept accidents philosophically. If your neighbor spills a glass of wine and it trickles down over the front breadth of your satin gown the severity of the blow will not be mitigated by any outcry. To make the unlucky person to whom the accident has happened as much at his ease as possible is the test of a true lady; he will suffer enough at best and in despite of your utmost kindness. I quoted Sydney Smith's account of a country dinner last week; but as he was the prince of diners-out, you will surely forgive another extract from one of his letters. Writing to Jeffrey, he said:

"Tell Murray that I was much struck with the politeness of Miss Markham, the day after he went. In carving a partridge I splashed her with gravy from head to foot; and though I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to swear that not a drop had reached her! Such circumstances are the triumphs of civilized life."

It is not necessary to swear that black is white, but it is a triumph not only of cultivation but of kind-heartedness to set a person who has met with a social misfortune as speedily as possible at his ease. Kindness of heart is the soul of all good-breeding, and without it the daughter of a hundred earls is still not one to be desired.

The novice in society who has never assisted at a dinner-party in her life need not fear to go to one, if she will heed the simple and obvious suggestions on which I have ventured, and, above all, if she will keep her eyes open to see what is going on around her. That silken-clad flock which we call society all jump over the same hedges in very nearly the same manner.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"At an informal dinner, if you send up your plate for more meat, what should be done with the knife and fork?"

In America or in England they should be sent up on the plate. In Germany, where the knife and fork are changed less frequently than with us, knife-rests are often provided at each plate.

"If one wishes to refuse an invitation for no other reason than because one does not care to go, will the refusal give offense, because no special cause is assigned?"

Certainly not. You can send a politely worded regret. Of course to assign a special reason seems more friendly, and would be more likely to lead to a renewal of the invitation.

CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN ART.

BY CATHARINE A. JANVIER.

ABOUT fifteen years ago a literary and artistic society in Brussels, the "Cercle Artistique, Littéraire et Scientifique," conceived the idea that it would be well to affiliate with some American art societies. The idea was embodied in a letter to the Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. By some oversight this letter remained for many years unanswered; in the confusion incident to moving and rebuilding it was, indeed, altogether forgotten. Finally, at the instance of the Brussels society, M. Sève de Bar, the Belgian Consul-General for this country, investigated the matter; the letter was found and answered. Thus was frustrated the little germ that has developed into the present exhibition in Philadelphia.

M. Sève de Bar did much more than give the project vitality here. He took it up and pushed it vigorously, and to his well-directed and zealous exertions a very large part of its success is due. The scheme of the exhibition as originally proposed was by no means so comprehensive as it became in taking final shape. Its essential feature was direct representation. The pictures to be exhibited were to be selected directly from the artists' studios without the intercession of dealers, and this feature has been adhered to. As time went on the scheme expanded, until finally it ceased to be personal and became national. A special commission was appointed by the Belgian Government, January 17th, 1882, to which the selection of the pictures and the general management of the exhibition was entrusted. The presidency of this commission was conferred on M. Lewis de Winter, vice-president of the "Cercle Artistique, Littéraire et Scientifique" of Antwerp. As is president, the members of the commission generally are men of high standing in Belgian art circles and in public life. Besides thus giving the dignity of its name and the weight of its approval to the exhibition, the Belgian Government has assumed the expense and has also insured the pictures, in the interest of the artists, against the dangers of transportation.

The debt that Americans, and especially Philadelphians, owe to the Belgian Government is a large one for giving them this rare opportunity to see an approximately representative collection of the works of one of the great European schools of art. It is true that several of the leading Belgian artists are not represented at all, and some others are not represented adequately, but notwithstanding some notable omissions the exhibition fairly may be considered as exemplary of the noble school to which its contributing artists belong. Manifestly it would be impossible to send over any of the great historical pictures painted for the Government, for municipalities, or for civic bodies, which are the crowning glory of modern Belgian art, and without which the exhibition as a representative display must be incomplete. Yet even in this respect something has been done: as witness the two fine studies by Wauters for his great paintings in the City Hall at Brussels, and the interesting sketches by Guffens of his paintings at Ypres and Courtrai.

Should the present exhibition afford our only basis of judgment we would find—after discarding all the unimportant work that inevitably forms a part of a collection of this size—that the modern Belgian school has marked characteristics and a definite individuality. At the first glance—with some notable exceptions—the general effect of color in the galleries is quiet and subdued, though this

quiet tone often results more from harmony of color than from artificially dulled tints. There is an absence of the splash and splendor which has dazzled many of us in some of the Munich work of late years, as well as of the black or dirty gray tone that is affected in a certain class of French pictures brought over here for sale. In the best work shown here there is a simplicity and directness of treatment very pleasing to the eye. The artist appears to be really interested in his theme and strives in the simplest and easiest manner to express what he means. This gives an honest directness to much of the handling that is very pleasant in its effect and agreeable as a contrast to the mere *tours de force* that we are often called upon to

donkeys, dubbed by the absurd title of "Two Members of the Temperance Society," are simply delightful in their asinine profundity, and we sympathize with Van den Eycken's two tired little dogs in "After the Parade."

In the best figure painting the artists seem to prefer the emotional treatment of dramatic subjects. These as a rule are well conceived and freely handled, and in addition to the technical qualities essential to good work, understood usually by artists only, are interesting to the general public. An example of this is "The Refugees" by Evariste Carpentier, well known by an engraving. This picture, which is intentionally low in tone, while concentrating the interest and telling the story at a glance, keeps

the happy mean between a subject too literary for a painting and no subject at all—the two stumbling-blocks of young artists in America. Carpentier's other picture, "The Temptation," is also very good, and in color and treatment is a complete contrast to "The Refugees." The "Medea," by Stallaert, is more expressive than his larger picture, "St. Almaga," and is a fine example of academic work. The struggle in the mother's mind between love and jealousy, the slow working to the surface of the horrid idea, is shown by the tense arms, the clenched hands and the neglected dress, as well as by the face with its sidelong glance at the sleeping children—these last not so well rendered as the mother, it should be remarked. "Forgotten," by Struys, is admirably painted. In it, without going outside the limits of his art, the painter tells a whole sad story; while in "Dishonored" by the same artist we have a bitter tragedy of shame and remorse, told in the simplest and most direct manner. In rendering facial expression and in interpreting subtle shades of emotion the Belgian artists as represented in this exhibition are

peculiarly happy. This especial skill is illustrated repeatedly, notably in "The Widow of the Count of Egmont and her Children in the Oratory of her Husband in 1576," by Selldrayers, and in "Alone," by De Pape; and doubtless it is one of the causes why the Belgian school is so famous for its portraits.

In purely historical work—that is, work professing accurately to represent some great historical event as a whole and not as an episode—the two most interesting paintings are the before-mentioned studies of Wauters for his great pictures of "May of Burgundy taking the Oath at Brussels in 1477" and "Jean IV, Duke of Brabant, and the Guilds of Brussels (1421)." These, though properly called studies, are finished paintings, and are fine examples of good

and careful composition. The arrangement of color is interesting; it is subdued and harmonious and does not distract the attention from the object especially to be impressed upon the spectator, which in each case is an historical event of great significance in the history of the Netherlands. In such pictures it is of the utmost importance for the artist to seize the precise moment in which the action culminates, an effort requiring not only artistic instinct, but a mind trained to grasp the leading idea of a subject. For pictorial representation especially this is all important. The actor and the poet have the time that precedes an action and the time that follows; the painter has but one moment to represent, and should he choose the wrong one his work is without interest. In this choice of proper time there is work in this exhibition worthy of careful study.



AFTER THE PARADE—VAN DEN EYCKEN.

FORGOTTEN—STRUYS.

TWO MEMBERS OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—DE PRATRE.

The only typical example of purely religious painting is "Christ after the Descent from the Cross," by Alexandre Thomas, and this shows how a hackneyed and well-worn theme can be renewed. It must be remembered that a picture of this class is intended for a church and is addressed to the religious emotions. All meretricious work and display of technical skill for its own sake is here out of place, though no technical skill can be too great for such a subject. In this picture the artist has subordinated everything to the simple motive of the grief of a mother over her dead son. No common grief is to be represented; it is the world-old theme of the mother of God grieving over the dead God, the type of all motherhood in agony. This essential motive is well expressed in the upturned face and the outstretched arms, the whole action protesting against the overwhelming sorrow that has come upon her, and which yet will not totally overcome her. The tender action of the Magdalen is in keeping and the figure of the Christ is fine, though not equal to the mother of sorrows—the mater dolorosa. In this picture there is no striving after correctness of local color or costume. The absence of all unessential detail aids in impressing on the mind of the worshiper the religious idea intended to be conveyed and which very many persons will not take the trouble to comprehend.

An example of an utterly different treatment of the same emotion from a purely human standpoint is the large picture opposite by Emile Sacré, the "Death of a Pitman." In this also the principal motive is the grief of a mother, but it becomes merely a touching episode in the crowded canvas. Here all generalization would be a fault, and we find the local color and the accessories represented with careful detail, so that the whole effect is strong and painfully real. But while well painted it gives the impression that the subject is not large enough for the canvas and that the picture would have looked better on a smaller scale, as would several other pictures in the collection. It takes a great subject to fill a large canvas.

Owing to the fear of shocking American prudery there is a total absence of the finest and most difficult class of art work, the nude figure, which in Europe is regarded as the culminating test of the power of an artist.

In landscape work marked ability is shown, the different planes of the picture being skilfully graduated to give the effect of distance. In subject a preference is shown for misty gray scenes, snow-covered landscapes and the pathetic effect of vast marshy plains with vapor-laden atmosphere. Even in the sunshiny pictures there seems to be a plaintive tone. These men paint mostly in a minor key and carefully search for the poetic side of nature, but with it all in the best work there is no sacrifice of truth. The painter knows what he wishes to represent, and does it, not by falsifying nature but by seizing her at her best moment, realizing that a landscape is not a mere photograph, but a work of art, a clear and definite conception intelligently carried out.

To sum up: the striking qualities of the Belgian school consist of great ease in composition, of skilful balancing and contrasting of masses of color and of light and shade, of effective and natural management of groups of figures. In another direction much attention is given to the expression of emotion, and excellent results over a broad range are secured. In landscape, extreme delicacy of color and

poetic feeling are found. As a rule, in all the work the handling is bold and vigorous. When all these qualities are concentrated in one picture the result is a very great work. At the same time these very qualities when unbalanced and pushed to extremes become faults. In thinking too much about composition the figures may be forgotten and become mere manikins. Expression may degenerate into grimace, delicacy into weakness, strength of handling into meaningless daubing. It would be a sorry and ungracious task to point out examples of such degeneration, but they are to be found in this exhibition, and may serve a useful purpose as a warning.

Because it shows what should be followed, and not less because it shows what should be shunned, this exhibition

is a very important factor in the art education of America, and it should draw to it from all parts of the country both students and lovers of art. Let us hope that it is but the first of a series of like exhibitions in which the work of foreign schools shall be brought here for our pleasure and enlightenment. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the oldest art institution, and now the vital centre of art study in America, could do no better work than thus to bring within the reach of its students good examples of the contemporary art work of the Old World. It would be a suitable supplement to the less showy but even more valuable work which it is constantly doing faithfully and well for the advancement of American art.

IMPROVED NAVAL ARMOR.

A LATE important improvement in armor for war-ships, and one in which the Government of the United States is actively interested, is the invention of a retired invalid engineer of the Navy. The House committee has virtually decided to build four vessels under this plan with the funds recently appropriated by Congress. The invention consists essentially of a submerged "turtle-back," or concavo-convex shield or deck, only four inches in thickness, extending side to side and stem to stern of the ship, and below the water-line of the ship, the arrangement being such that an enemy's shot from any direction can only strike the turtle-back at a deflecting angle, thereby protecting the vitals of the ship. The sides of the vessel above this invulnerable turtle-back are filled in with cotton or cork which forms a self-closing breach upon the passage of a ball through the sides above the turtle-back. The sides of the vessel above the concavo-convex shield may, moreover, be literally shot to pieces without destroying the buoyant power of the ship. The great gun or guns of the ship are mounted upon heavy, impenetrable, centrally arranged cylindrical armor, which extends into the bottom of the ship where it is seated on a hydraulic cushion. The gun itself has its breech enclosed in an oval armor mounted upon the cylinder, and of a form similar to two saucers placed face to face upon each other, and in which a single gunner manipulates and fires the gun. One gunner is sufficient to operate the gun by reason of a hydraulic loading apparatus, and by means of which prepared ammunition is forced up through a pipe as needed from a point below the turtle-back of the vessel. Hydraulic buffers are also provided which take up the recoil of the gun. The upper part of the oval shield around the breech of the gun serves to deflect a shot upwardly, and the

lower part or half of the shell serves to deflect a shot should it first strike the turtle-back, glance off therefrom and tear upwardly through the decks.

F. B. BROCK.

DR. JOHNSON once declared, "There is nothing, I think, in which the power of art is shown as much as in playing on the violin." The violin, although it seems simple, requires great care in its construction. It is made of no less than fifty-eight pieces. Each variety of wood has its variety of sound. The pressure of the four strings of the violin is said to be equal to about ninety pounds, and yet the whole instrument may not weigh more than two pounds.



MEDEA—STALLAERT.



MARY OF BURGUNDY TAKING THE OATH AT BRUSSELS IN 1477—WAUTERS.

A THOUGHT.

THE morning ever onward drives the night,
The restless night the morning still pursuing;
'Tis each day's task to seize and store the light,
The power of darkness thus at length subduing.

No work is lost, no striving or endeavor
But marches through the future's open door,
And through the present age is throbbing ever
The life of all the ages gone before.

LAWRENCE A. NORTON.

The Marquis of Carabas.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Dominique sat with his elbows on the arms of his chair, his head resting in his hands and his feet thrust out before him, saying nothing. Adelaide left his side and went gently wandering up and down the walk. Over them streamed the westerly moon tempered by the trailing shadows of the thick vine leaves and the translucent grape bunches, where the light almost seemed to have gathered into shining drops and clusters. After awhile she paused hesitatingly before him, and then kneeling at his side put her arms up on his shoulders and laid her head upon his breast. He sat still, neither stirring nor returning her embrace. She could feel the shiver thrilling through him. At length, as if he could bear it no longer, he rose, and doing so lifted her to her feet.

"Adelaide, I must not touch you, I must not speak to you," he said. "Oh, my God! It seems as if once I might take my own wife into my arms!"

And suddenly he had snatched her and folded her to his heaving breast, raining passionate kisses down upon her face, kisses followed by a storm of tears before he opened his arms and released her. She gathered up her fallen hair, blushing even in the moonlight filtering through the vines.

"Dominique," she said presently, going and putting both hands on his arm where he leaned against an arch, "am I not really your wife?"

"God knows you are," he said chokingly. "But you will not be long. You shall not be tied to anything so wretched as I. I came into your sweet still life out of storm. I go back to my element. You will be sad, you will be sorry; you will grow careless, you will forget. Oh, I see it all!" he exclaimed. "Some night when I shall be tossing on the storms of the South seas without a star you will be happy and smiling and going to and fro with the calm andainless man who gives your home peace."

"Oh, what do you take me for, Dominique?" she said piercingly. "I who believe marriage to be a sacrament, who deny the possibility of divorce even by death! I am your wife, you just said. Not even God can make it otherwise. And what do you think wives are for?" she cried. "To enjoy all the pleasures of life and to have none of its troubles? Would you be so cruel as to let me share your joy and not try to help you bear your sorrow?"

"Adelaide, it is no use. Though you speak with the tongues of angels you cannot make black white. Husband and wife are one—you cannot be one with me. I told you I would mount to you. Oh, to what depth have I fallen instead! I will not let you hurt yourself so far as to become one flesh with the man!"

"Who committed a sin in an outburst of passion?"

"It was no outburst of passion. I rowed twelve miles against wind and tide to kill Ladeuce, meaning every time I lifted the oar to kill him. And he is dead. I see you shudder now as you think of it."

"Yes, I shudder. It is dreadful. I cannot make it out. It seems it never could have been my Dominique."

"It never was. It was quite another person from the Dominique you knew. That Dominique was an innocent lad, O Christ! in his worst excess! This Dominique's hands are as red as his heart is black! You see there is nothing between you—your spotlessness retreats from him."

"I see nothing of the kind," said Adelaide, calmed by his turbulence. "I see that if he were all you say he would need me so much the more. Not only his help, his comforter, but if we are husband and wife, if we are one, if he is the sin, as he says, and I am the innocence, then he cannot dispense with me—my innocence shall bring him back his own. But oh, Dominique, you make a mistake in thinking so well of me. I am—I am capable—I too, Dominique, could tread on the snake!"

"Adelaide, you drive me wild! You do a wrong! You, with your white soul! You!"

"Yes, if he were stinging one I loved to death. Oh!" she cried as Dominique started at her words, "I felt it in my heart when I thought he was leading you astray."

"Yes, perhaps he led me astray. But a man has the choice of going or not. It was not for that—Adelaide! My darling! Say no more, say no more!" he cried, flinging himself aside, "You will force me to betray myself. I would not have you when I am gone think I am all, all, all black, for I had reasons, terrible reasons!"

"I know them, Dominique."

"You know them!"

"I heard the old gardener, John, telling Gascoigne that he—served with the Lieutenant and Captain Dacre. You know the rest, Dominique."

"But you must tell me!" he insisted, while the furious current of his veins sung and resounded in his ears.

"On the *Nightbird*," she whispered tremblingly, "the—the slaver."

As she spoke all Dominique's strength forsook him. His knees gave way; his face was ashen; he sank into the seat at hand. "And I have soiled my soul with murder to keep a secret that all the world knew!" he murmured.

"Nobody knew it but Gascoigne and I. Nobody does now."

How much more did she know, he questioned of himself, his heart fluttering like a leaf in a storm. That he was not Captain Dacre's son? That she was the wife of—what is this Ladeuce called it—a grande dame of Spain? He could not ask. A wild hope shook him for half the moment, that she knew everything. But, like the black shadow of a sunbeam, came as swiftly the conviction again of his father's shame and misery if aware that the child of his love knew of his dishonor.

"No, no," he cried aloud; "it was not for that I made way with a life. Not that the creature alone knew the secret, but that he was about to make my father learn I knew it also! I never meant—I never meant, Adelaide, that you should have the cruel knowledge either that I had done this deed. I came but for just one last look at you, a look that should be an embrace, and you forced me to disclose myself. I meant then to disappear out of your life. But now you know it. It cannot be helped. Only if you ever loved me do not let my father know it—that can be helped."

And then he suddenly became silent. Another word might be too much. She might learn that there was reason for Ladeuce to acquaint his father with his knowledge—reason, in which if he ever stirred finger, his father must suffer all that from which he wished to screen him, must suffer the agony of looking in his eyes conscious that Dominique knew he had deceived him, knew that he was not his son, knew of the black business in which he was engaged when he became his son—an agony worse to him than death. Dominique could bear to wear in the view of the woman he loved the stain of such base birth, he could not bear to break the old heart that loved him. He could give up Adelaide, happiness, hope. "Only death," he groaned, "would have been so much the easier."

"You must not think, Dominique," Adelaide said, after the long silence, with a timidity as if she felt herself recreant in hinting such a possibility, "that this has made my love for you—for our father the less. I knew it before I married you. I pitied him so much, to think how he regretted, that I only loved him more and more. Perhaps I honored him the more. You remember, Dominique, we used to think those natures nobler that knew sin and left it than those with only idle and untempered guilelessness."

"We didn't know what we were talking about." He could not endure, in the tension of his nerves, to hear the one who loved his father almost as he did himself, speak of him as ever having sinned: And then there was another silence.

A bell from the chapel-spire below struck midnight. A little impatient bird outside stirred in his nest, and dreaming it was morning began to sing and hushed himself again.

"I am as impatient as that bird," said Adelaide. "Now, Dominique, that I have told you we know the whole business, you will not think of going away?"

"It makes no difference," he answered her. "You cannot be the wife of a man who is not only a criminal but who lives with a death sentence hanging over him. I should be away from this at once. It is hard in Gascoigne to keep me. If I repented I should want to pay the penalty of my crime, you see. I do not want to. I do not repent. I am hardened and blood-stained—

I have only a horror of myself that may lead to madness."

Adelaide had no answer to make him, but sat on the bench where she had sunk softly weeping. He went over and sat beside her.

"At least once," he said, "lie in my arms and weep on my breast. Hush now, my darling, hush. Do not let me think I have broken your heart. I should break it indeed if I staid."

And so the speechless hour passed, till there came a sound of horses' hoofs upon the bridge below; every stroke to Adelaide seemed to strike upon uncovered nerves, and to Dominique was like the swinging of a pendulum that measured off the moments of his respite. Then they thought they heard Gascoigne at the stables; a quiet step on the gravel and he had rejoined them.

"It is just as I thought," he said. "The purest nonsense. You are either suffering from illusion, Dominique, or you are a fool. Ladeuce is dead indeed!"

"I told you he was," said Dominique sullenly.

"But you did not kill him. He had been dead some time before you landed on the beach. He died of a disease of the heart which I long ago told him might put an end to him any day. There was neither wound nor bruise nor bullet-mark upon him. John and I examined him thoroughly. Nor have I been content with that. Before we buried him at the foot of the old plum orchard near the meadow, and effaced all appearance of our work, I had a brief autopsy to be assured for your sake, as I am assured, that I was certainly right. Are you satisfied now?"

"Why should I be?"

"Why should you be? Dominique, you put me out of all patience! What do you make of this then? Here is your pistol. I found it in the grass. It is one of the old ivory-mounted pair with which we used to shoot at the buoy. Every ball is in; every chamber is loaded. There has not been one discharged. You have fired no shot with that weapon."

"Do you really mean to say, Gascoigne?"

"I mean to say that you no more killed Ladeuce than I did. But he is dead and buried, his ship is burned, and that is the end of him. He will never be inquired for; and as for old John, his fealty to Captain Dacre is as great as when he sailed with him. He tells nothing of his service with your father but the bare fact of the service; and his gratitude to Mrs. Stuart and to Adelaide is so sincere that he may be trusted to keep our confidence. Now you will come in and go to bed like a rational man. It has been a ghastly affair, but we are well out of it. Come."

"And do you think, Gascoigne," cried Dominique, suddenly facing him, white and blazing as the star that was rising out of the sea behind them, "do you think that my hand was so much more worth than my soul?" What a laugh was that which burst through his lips! "Do you think," he cried again, "that because Fate and I had the same intention at the same moment, my intention was any the less because Fate struck first? Do you think that any two minutes or two hours of time could annihilate the fact of my fixed purpose? Wasn't the murder done in my soul? You thirst for blood and the blood is spilled—were you any the less blood-thirsty? Do you know what murder means? If you stop a planet in its course there is heat enough set free to destroy it; if you stop a life in its course the flames of hell shoot forth. No, no! oh no! I am as much the murderer as I was before. It is just as necessary that I should go. I am as much at variance with all that is peaceful and spotless and"—

"Why, what is this?" said another voice, and they saw Captain Dacre coming up the long walk from the door, with the last ray of the moon glancing redly through the crystal panes upon his face.

"Adelaide, dear! are you here? I told your mother you had gone to bed, and I locked the doors for her. But voices and sounds have waked me and kept me awake till at last—Dominique! Dominique!" And then with a swift step, with an utterance half joy and half despair, Dominique fell insensible at his father's feet.

"That ends the business," said Gascoigne; and with the Captain's aid they lifted the unconscious form and carried it up to the Captain's bed.

When Gascoigne came down to breakfast in the morning he said he had been up all night, for Dominique had come home and lay at the point of death with congestion of the brain.

XVIII

"I thought," said Allia, looking up at Gascoigne's intelligence, with the sunshine making a dazzle across her topaz-colored eyes, "that something very queer must have happened. There seemed to be sounds in the air everywhere about the house last night. I heard horses' hoofs and a voice crying, and then I remembered that burning ship and thought of the stories of the Wild Ladies, and I didn't know but my Voodoo bead was at work. I was really a little frightened. I knocked at Adelaide's door, but she wouldn't answer, and I wrapped up my head in the coverlet before I could get to sleep."

"You grow wiser every day you live, Allia," said Gascoigne.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Stuart, when Allia, who had quite breakfasted before Gascoigne's arrival, had half danced, half flung herself out of the room at his remark, "where Adelaide is. She is always so early."

"Adelaide," said Gascoigne, balancing his coffee cup a lingering moment, "is sitting with her husband."

"Is what?"

"Is with Dominique, cousin."

"Dominique? Her husband? Have you left your senses? Gascoigne! Will you tell me what you mean?" said Mrs. Stuart, her hand suddenly trembling so that the ruby flickered like a flame.

"Why, nothing very bad," with his pleasant, reassuring smile, "only that Adelaide has been the wife of Dominique since—"

"Adelaide! My daughter! Gascoigne, you are dreaming!"

"On the contrary, I am painfully aware of being wide awake."

"But my child deceiving me!"

"Well," said Gascoigne, "there are some circumstances where we do wrong to do right. And when Adelaide married she thought—"

"I cannot believe it. I must go to her."

"You had better be seated again. There must not be a syllable whispered in Dominique's presence. And Adelaide is in too exalted a condition to know if she is on this earth or another. It is perfectly true." He paused a moment and regarded her. "While you were attending to your Confederated Charities she was arranging a little charity of her own. You are surprised? I have presumed you had no other intention."

"No other intention!" sobbed Mrs. Stuart. "Gascoigne, how very unkind of you! I always meant, I always meant, Gascoigne, that she should marry you."

"The stars meant differently. The stars," said Gascoigne gently, "that let you take an utter stranger unquestioned into your family and educate his child with your own. But the thing is done, my dear cousin. I don't know that you need to shed tears over it. I think I should make the best of it. As for me, I am still here, and always shall be, and you have a son-in-law who will love you very truly, that is if he lives to love any one!"

"The poor boy! The poor child!" said Mrs. Stuart, looking up with the sudden tears wetting her face. "There is a great deal that is delightful about him, Gascoigne. And he never had any mother. I have always felt like a mother to him, though. And if—if he is really my own son now!"

"There is no doubt about it," said Gascoigne, laughing in the midst of his apprehensions.

"Then I must go to him at once. He must have nurses, and Miss Grey and I will oversee them—how fortunate I am in having Miss Grey for a fixture in the family! But that makes no difference about Miss Adelaide," she said rising. "I am just as indignant with her. To think that a child of mine!"

"Is it all her fault? Where have your eyes been? I think I would smother my wrath, cousin. Adelaide must have gone through with a great deal. And now with Dominique's life hanging in the scale!"

"That is true, Gascoigne. I remember how I felt when my poor husband—Adelaide with a husband! The baby! Gascoigne, isn't it like a romance?" And Mrs. Stuart came round and kissed Gascoigne, who had finished his coffee, and then hustled out of the room, the pleasure of a child with a new play, of a philanthropist with a new pauper, perhaps rather of a mother with a new son, beginning to blossom in her bosom.

Gascoigne rose and walked about the room and paused at last at the teak-wood desk where Mrs. Stuart kept her correspondence. Over it, wreathed with a long branch of the white rose vine that had been

indulged in its determination of thrusting itself into the room, hung the portrait he had made of Adelaide long ago, with all the life and lustre of her young beauty in the flower-like face and starry eyes. "That, at least," he murmured, "nothing can take from me." Then he went to his own retreat. When Captain Dacre came down he saw another picture hanging beside Adelaide's, the pastel Gascoigne had given her, and on which he had imprinted all he could of the fire and radiance of the Southern countenance she loved; round about it were flung sprays of the brier roses torn from the garden wall where the two children had been wont to read their books together.

Perhaps that sacrificial garland of roses indicated the state of feeling of the whole household towards Dominique, the delighted acceptance of him as one of themselves now in fact, the delighted acceptance of the romantic circumstance coming into their still lives that he had been Adelaide's husband all this time, authorized as that was by Captain Dacre's knowledge of it; delightedness kept in abeyance during the days and nights when Gascoigne went without sleep by the sick bed, but allowed full play when Dominique rose, if not refreshed and strong from his fevers Achilles from the river Styx, yet clothed and in his right mind, and glancing, every time the door opened, for Adelaide, whom her mother had rigorously excluded from his room.

It had become evident to Gascoigne during both Dominique's delirium and calm, that there was no change in his feelings or intentions. He was floating alone on clear far-off night seas under the equator, all through the first; to the second he came with that weary sense of taking up a burden that every one feels on waking after disaster. He did not ask for Adelaide; it was plain he did not mean to do so, at least as yet; he had no right—he meant to claim no right. The first time that he awoke from sleep, opening his eyes on other than the phantasmagoria of the heated brain, it was to see his father at the foot of the bed, and the same smile kindled and grew and overspread his eyes that the Captain remembered in the child he had rescued from the sea. For long after that he was content to sleep with the weariness following his fever and wake to meet that glance again, or else to lie with his hand grasped in his father's saying nothing, almost thinking nothing. When he did speak it was only to signify that this was too pleasant to be anything but brief, and he must be off when he should find a ship again.

"I came very near crossing the dark river this time, didn't I?" he said. "Well, I fancy I have burned those ships behind me in this fever-heat, and must soon be sailing a different sort of craft. I shall not get my strength again till I am out on blue water."

When, however, his strength began to return, it came swiftly, helped by the coming coolness of those days when the year seems to pause at its full ripeness. He said nothing to Captain Dacre of his life since they had seen him before, or of what had brought him back.

"I may, perhaps, have some difficulty in getting a ship again," was all he said to Gascoigne.

"Not any," said Gascoigne. "Have you forgotten the *Winged Victory*? She is nearly ready to take in cargo now; and it will only be like all the rest of my cousin's behavior if she sent her to Australia under your command. I presume you consider yourself competent."

"To handle a fleet of her."

"Well, perhaps we can give you a clean bill of health by the time the agent says the word."

"I don't know," said Dominique, "that I can accept the command. I must be out of this altogether. And that is no way."

"You may have to accept it. Captain Durrings has lately died; and it will be a serious loss if the ship is laid up. It is Adelaide's property, you know, and so your own."

"Then, by heaven, I never will set foot on her deck!"

"We won't argue the matter, Dominique; you are not yet strong enough. I had hoped the fever had burned all that nonsense out of you. If your wife chooses to take you with all the stains that you harangued of to her, I cannot think that you are the scamp to desert her. She at any rate does not think you are, and has been in person to her agent with her orders. I believe the ship can clear within the month; there is a state-room engaged for a single passenger, which may be pleasant for you, and if not it can't be helped now. By the time you have sailed to the antipodes in her, have got on the other side of the earth

and under a different co-ordination of stars, I am assured you will have seen in another light the circumstances that have been troubling you, and will have returned to your senses. Come, come, Dominique, you force me to a dilemma. Shall I commit you to the *Winged Victory* or to a mad-house?"

Dominique still shook his head.

"Perhaps," said Gascoigne, "I ought to bring up my reinforcements. Your father, who became persuaded from your wanderings that you would go away, is happy now in the thought of keeping just the tether of the *Winged Victory* ownership about you."

"My wanderings, Gascoigne!"

"Oh, you need have no anxiety," said Gascoigne with a laugh. "Your wanderings were only out at sea—out of this, out of this."

"Out of this," said Dominique. "Yes, out of this. Why do you urge me to darken other lives with my trouble? If I did not virtually with my right hand do all that in my madness I thought I did, I am as much the culprit—it was no fault of mine that I did not. Listen, Gascoigne; here is where it is with me. I did an evil deed. I do not regret it. I am under conviction of sin. But I do not repent, and I never shall, and there is no forgiveness without repentance. Don't you see, then, that I am already in hell?"

"Child's talk, Dominique! It is enough that you didn't do the deed. The rest is moonshine. You are still under an illusion and need to continue my treatment and follow my advice. Do you remember, my lad, when you used to say that it seemed to you the night I helped you off the wreck that I made you?" Perhaps Gascoigne forgot with a purpose that it was he and not Dominique who had cherished that fancy. "If I did," he continued, "it seems to me I have a right to do as I please with you, and I am pleased to send you 'out of this' by means of the *Winged Victory*. Moreover, Dominique—and this is all I shall say about it—the captain of such a vessel has a chance at fortune that does not come to the second or third officer of any other. You have a chance, in accepting this opportunity, to make it possible for your father to throw away the money gained in the way that grieves him, and with your purse at his hand never to feel his loss. Look now," said Gascoigne, ceasing his customary pacing of the floor and coming to sit down opposite Dominique's chair. "Suppose all Captain Dacre's wealth went to found an asylum for certain of his African people, either the orphans or the sick and old—what happy years will he spend in seeing it all done, in superintending it after it is done, in feeling that every day he wipes out the black work of some other day?"

"Gascoigne, do you think you need to urge that upon me? Have I dreamed of anything else? Has he? Hasn't he been seeking this dozen years for the means to let him do it and not defraud me or make me suspicious? Hasn't he tried to make jewels in his laboratory, to make phosphates, to find out the secrets of the earth's wealth?"

"Well, in this way you find them for him. And can you see any fairer prospect of happiness than in closing or tearing down the Lonely Beach house and yourself coming home from your voyages to this house on the hill—the better gift to Adelaide each voyage than all the pearls the *Winged Victory* ever brought—to your friends here, to your father, to your wife, to your children?"

"Oh, Gascoigne," groaned Dominique, "why will you tempt me so?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN INCIDENT OF BATTLE.

BY GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U. S. A.

THE multitudinous enemy had encountered a portion of Heintzelman's corps and forced it back and beyond the Fair Oaks station. In victorious masses the Southern men were pushing on in open lines, firing as they advanced. They had swept across the broad bottom-land of cleared ground and were nearing the Chickahominy, that narrow creek now suddenly become nearly a mile broad and flowing with ever increasing current as the northern floods poured into its valley and rushed on toward the James.

But Sedgwick's division had already crossed the creek's rickety bridge of logs and waded to the higher bottom-land. A quick planting of batteries and deployment of line by Sedgwick brought the troops of the North and South face to face. The enemy's flankers, being thus met by an

unexpected force, from which they received a rapid and continuous fire, at first began to waver, then gave way altogether, and fled irregularly across the bottom-land, not yet flooded, to the cover of the railway and the forest. Soon the sharp conflict was ended, and one could hear only a distant murmur of voices with an occasional rifle-shot along the skirmish line, and a boom of cannon now and then to let the Northerners know that they were not yet completely victorious.

It was at that time, after the clouded sun had gone down and while the twilight and misty air began to make objects dim and indistinct, that the division of Richardson to which I belonged, having also waded the stream in Sedgwick's rear, came through the thickets into the same bottom-land where an hour before Sedgwick and the flankers had joined in fierce encounter and with the speed of retreat and pursuit had disappeared.

My aide-de-camp, Captain Miles, now Brigadier-General, came toward me leading his horse; several persons near me were mounted. "Oh, General!" he calls, "do dismount and lead your horse."

Miles then comes closer and speaks softly: "Be careful or you will step on the dead!"

How such a warning made me shrink and hesitate to move, though I was already on the ground and held my bridle in my hand.

The field was not silent, for far and near we heard the cries of the wounded who were not yet removed by our ambulance corps. The rising Chickahominy had delayed the wagons so that only a few men with stretchers were at their work.

I heard then a voice which one could never forget. It was not far from us. It said: "Oh, sir, kind sir, come to me!"

Over and over the mournful sound was repeated as this poor wounded man tried to attract the attention of each passer-by whose figure he could scarcely discern in the deepening gloom. The earnest entreaty affected me strangely and I hastened to him.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad you've come!"

"What command do you belong to, my man?" I ask.

"I am a private of the — Mississippi regiment," he replies, giving the number which I do not recall. "I'm badly wounded, as you see. Our boys have gone on and left me."

From glimpses I saw that he was dressed in the long-worn dingy gray; his broad-brimmed slouched hat was folded under his head; his shred of a blanket was stretched beneath him on the moist ground; his rifle lay by his side. Across his body, not quite covering his tall form, was a new double blanket.

"Oh, sir, I was so cold! I'm cold still, but a kind gentleman from Massachusetts spread his blanket over me. Yet I don't know why, but I am still cold."

Poor fellow, his wound was fatal, and it was the chill of death creeping over him. It could not have been long before his sufferings were ended, as he entered with many other fellow-soldiers into rest.

Those tender words, uttered in gentle tones, "Some kind gentleman from Massachusetts spread his blanket over me," will never pass from my memory.

A Union soldier had given his only blanket to a wounded enemy. But he had won the love of a human soul.

"If thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink."

Christian soldier take courage.

There prostrate lies thy stricken foe;

His changing face now Heavenward turns,

And doth as the wounded do

His thirsty soul for comfort yearns.

Quick side by side both weapons lie;

Thy tender heart and robe are His.

"Good-by, my new-found friend, good-by!

We have no time for ought but this!"

The Bay State boy in tears stoops low,

The conquered Southerner gently smiles.

A kiss imprimes the pallid brow,

The heavenly kiss of sympathy.

O, wrap them both, our precious Lord,

In Thy cleansing, spotless dress.

To such, for ay, Thy grace afford

The North, the South, rejoined, to bless.

MACMILLAN'S sixpenny editions are not stereotyped, nor do they regard them as likely to compete with any other edition, considering them rather as advertisements of the regular work. Of "Tom Brown" 100,000 copies were sold before publication and nearly the same number since then. The form is so perishable that it is more than likely to become scarce in time, and thus acquire fictitious value. This has been the case with Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," issued forty years ago as a folio pamphlet at one shilling, and which, whenever found, and this is not oftener than once a year, readily brings £20.

THE STILL HOUR.

VINCIT QUI PATITUR.

But he that endureth to the end shall be saved.—

MATT. x. 22.

THE world is full of toil,

Of mighty effort and achievement vast!

The wise-taught preacher saith,

"All things are full of labor 'neath the sun!"

Forever struggling, buffeted and tried,

"Man cannot utter it!"

He sees and hears, and is not satisfied;

But still keeps struggling on!

God gives this travail sore

To all the sons of men; yet all is vain.

In wisdom there is grief,

Much grief! 'Tis thus we read, and sorrow more

As knowledge doth increase. For one event

Hap'neth to all. And brief

Our life's short day; its boasted strength soon

spent,

Its memory soon over.

Where then is rest and peace?

Where the chief good of being? victory where,

If toil is thus in vain,

And naught excels what has been; nothing sure

Abideth change? Is life bereft of joy?

Is nothing left but pain?

All our hearts trust in, can breath destroy?

And those fall who endure?

Not so. The toil that's spent

For earthly good alone—riches or wisdom

Deceives us, and is vain

As it hath ever been. Nothing is sure,

Abiding change, but what has for its end

God's glory. And who will obtain

The crown must wait—must labor, watch and

spend,

They conquer who endure!

MRS. E. F. GILBERT.

NEVER give up your enthusiasms.

EXPERIMENTAL religion is to the soul what the daily inbreathing of air and the partaking of nutritious food is to the body.—John Hall.

SUFFRAGE is not only a privilege. It is a duty to God and man, and by its neglect we are responsible for misrule and corruption.—Arthur Kittredge.

THE lower virtues are supported by the higher. Morals feel the charm of Christian experience and grow stronger in their purity.—Geo. F. Magoun.

BEHIND the snowy loaf is the mill wheel, behind the mill is the wheat-field, on the wheat-field falls the sunlight, above the sun is God.—J. L. Russell.

To the heart-yearnings, to the spirit's eager inquiries, to the intellect's restless speculations, there is but one response—faith! What we cannot know now we shall know hereafter.—Edwin B. Russell.

LET the child-life dwell as long as it will in the heart of the child. Care and the sense of burdened responsibility will come all too swiftly. But the lingering glow and gladness of the early years shall touch with softness their hard lines. **

A WONDERFUL revolution was wrought by the transference of the sanctity of the Jewish Sabbath to the Lord's day. What teaching could change our day of worship, a day hallowed from childhood, and made sacred by the traditions of our fathers? There is nothing accidental in history—the light which put the glory of the Sabbath on the first day of the week was the glory of the risen Lord.—Newman Smyth.

IN what strange quarries and stone-yards the stones for that celestial wall are being hewn. Out of the hillsides of humiliated pride; deep in the darkness of crushed despair; in the fretting and dusty atmosphere of little cares; in the hard cruel contact that man has with man; wherever souls are being tried and ripened in whatever commonplace and homely ways—there God is hewing out the pillars of His temple.—Phillips Brooks.

MEN may create philosophies, they may turn the Gospel itself into a cold abstraction, but the practical truth remains that the Christ who saves, comforts and lifts the intolerable burden of sorrow or of sin, comes now as of old—comes as a living, loving, personal presence, human in sympathy, divine in power. Our need and our consciousness of it form our strongest claim upon Him.—E. P. Roe.

J. L. RUSSELL.



OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—AFTER PAINTING BY M. J. PETTIE.

A FRONTIER INQUEST.

An agitated stillness had settled upon the camp. There was that solemn stir in the air which renders the silence before a storm so oppressive, yet the day was fair. Upon the mountain slope one stood deluged with the fulgence of the sun as if face to face with the orient. But the great mogul of Hosannah Gulch lay dead, shot down in an affray with one Jim Stokes. Not that such things were rare at the gulch. Low-down folks might kill each other with impunity, but when the right to live of so useful and honored a member of society as Ras Stinson was infringed, the prominence of the party made it necessary that prompt and dignified measures be taken to preserve law and order.

A trusty messenger had brought from over the mountain a celebrated physician to conduct the autopsy, not that any doubt existed as to the manner of the august saloon-keeper's death, for the fatal shot had been witnessed by a score or more of Hosanna's first citizens, and the prisoner had already been tried according to Judge Lynch and condemned to die at sunset, but they felt that the importance of the case and the previous standing of the parties demanded the formalities of an inquest.

The prisoner stood unbound before the unshorn jury, who kept their revolvers leveled at him ready to fire if he stirred, while the rude instrument in the skillful hand of the famous practitioner cut and slashed right and left in tracing the complicated course of the ball. When at last it was displayed imbedded in an entirely different place from where any had supposed it was they crowded about the demonstrator eagerly and watched his manipulations with intense interest, and when the bullet was extracted and passed among them for their inspection their excitement knew no bounds.

"I s'pose I don't see how Slim Jim ever planted that *thar!*" exclaimed one.

"Durn my buttons if I du!" answered the foreman, with both hands in his trousers pockets.

"He never could a dun it," vouchsafed Bud Jones, the prisoner's boon companion, turning the bullet over and over contemplatively and eyeing it curiously, seized with a sudden and irresistible desire to possess that identical bullet, although why he should want to keep such a souvenir he could not have told, unless perhaps from a natural propensity to appropriate any and

everything he got his hand upon. "No, sir; he never could, sez I."

"Couldn't, eh? I could do it myself and plug him every time in the self-same spot. Here's my rifle on it, and a pile o' dust to boot. The chap as says I can't is an all-fired liar," called out a lank individual among the bystanders known as Nosey, from the undue prominence of that member and its proclivity to intrusiveness. Unpopular at all times, his brag and interference on this important occasion caused great commotion, and wild cries of "Done!" "I'm yer man!" "I plank him right that!" "So der I!" from jury and bystanders. During this confusion Slim Jim took advantage of the momentary distraction to slink away, and once behind the cliff sped like a deer up the mountain, and to one attentive eye below he seemed to disappear right into the setting sun.

"I take him, and ef yer miss yer fight me with the same weeping, that's all," was the courageous challenge of Bud Jones, who was laboring faithfully and persistently to direct and hold their attention from the direction taken by his fugitive friend.

Bud saw the corpse set up properly and the distance paced off satisfactorily to those who had witnessed the tragedy, and Nosey prepared to give an exhibition of his boasted skill.

The first shot went plump to the mark, at which the excited crowd gathered about the strange target, with vehement expressions of wonder and commendation, all too much pre-occupied to notice Bud slip away with the coveted bullet. Four shots out of five had landed satisfactorily before Slim Jim's absence dawned upon them; then the prisoner's attorney, who had sat silent and apparently hopeless, arose and pronounced the proceedings irregular. "The pris'ner not only ain't here, but he ain't wanted here nohow. 'Cause Slim Jim never made them wounds. This weeping has been identified as the only tool found upon the pris'ner, and ef you can show one piece of lead in that ere corpse as'll fit this ere weeping, to wit, then render guilty as aforesaid."

This argument was conclusive with the jury, who, after a futile attempt to implicate Nosey in the crime, gave verdict standing: "Death from natural causes; said cause bein' five bullet wounds, any one on 'em naturally fatal, but the fatalist one in the hands of divers and sundries parties unknown to the jury."

VIRGE B. HUDSON.

MANNERS IN CHURCH.

"SAINTED souls are always elegant." If Mr. Emerson writes truly, many people are not saints. At church and among saints should true gentility appear. For, at last, the perfect Christian is the perfect gentleman.

A venerable college president had been giving a course of lectures to the students on the life of St. Paul. He concluded by picturing the Apostle, after his trials and victories, carried up to the throne, past the other saints, past the martyrs, nearer than angels and archangels; and then, in a burst of crowded eloquence, he exclaimed: "See him there, the foremost man, the chieftest apostle, a perfect gentleman." And that was not an anti-climax. Beyond this elogium could not go.

Where but at church shall the Christian gentleman appear in best light, for there he is the host? Indeed we should go to church to find God for chief company. But we will judge the master somewhat by the politeness of his servants. No fine surroundings, no pictures or books or garnished walls can quite atone for the inattention and rudeness of servants. And we have inspired authority for the statement that Christians should be as those that serve.

But there is a sense in which church people are themselves the hosts. They invite guests to their Sabbath house. I may be indifferent on the street, but I must be polite to invited guests. No appointments of my home will make good the lack of personal interest and open friendship. When I go to a house it is the people I want to meet, not the walls or the chairs. Going to church should be an introduction to friendship and to God, not to frescoes and pews. A good deal of church politeness is like a snow crystal—regular but cold. There is a hospitality the forms of which are as perfect as Chesterfield's, and the spirit of which is as lifeless and hollow. Good church manners do not go by rules nor by proxy. If the heart is not in them it is all the same as if there were no manners. Sexton or usher may walk the aisles with faultless grace, and bow you into a pew with rhythmic movement, but that cannot offset a stony stare from the other end of the pew. "Have you not mistaken the pew?" asked a dignified piece of nominally Christian impertinence, as he confronted a stranger in his pew. "I fear I have, sir. I mistook it for a gentleman's," was the proper rejoinder.

Of course that high-water mark of frank rudeness is not often reached, but it differs from much that is common chiefly in its frankness. One would a little rather be impaled on the spear of a visible word, the meaning of which could be measured, than be punctured by the glittering cambric needles of frosty glances.

Church manners have a side toward God as well as toward men. Good Christian breeding will draw a line between opera manners and church manners. Swapping watches in the preacher's face is an ill-mannered indirectness, but availing one's self of the prayer for studying architecture or of the benediction for getting on gloves or overcoat, or for bending, with apparent reverence, in search of a hat under the seat, or rushing out of church as if it were a depot—this is direct ill manners toward God.

There is great apologetic value in church politeness. Good manners and good morals are near kin. Lessing says when the world knows which church does the most good it will know which church to believe in. The colored man who gave as a reason for going to a certain church that there he was treated like a gentleman was only translating Lessing into the vernacular. Burke says manners are of more importance than laws, which probably means that laws are for occasions but manners are life's everyday dress. Not everybody stops to measure our great doctrines, but everybody takes the measure of behavior. We are all good judges of politeness. That is an argument for Christianity that cuts close to the ground. The street gamin will not understand your art or your orthodoxy, but he knows the meaning of a handshake.

Good manners have also a Christian effect. Somebody speaks of a "chain of humanity by which electricity is conveyed to us and through us." We are all in that chain. We go to church to get an electric spark from beyond the clouds. Inattention, an irreverent look, word, act, may break the current. One ill-mannered person may dissipate the force and feeling of a sermon, prayer or song. How close are manners to godliness, and how elegant should the saints be! And great souls are not the ones who will despise small graces, for, as Bacon says, "Forms are the translation of virtue into the vulgar tongue."

CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

I FEAR the man who talks too little as much as the man who talks too much.—Rev. Dr. C. A. Dickey.

INSTINCTIVE ARCHITECTS.

BY PROF. HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

PART II.—FEATHERED.

PASSING swiftly from the furred to the feathered architects we are again confronted with the same sharp lines drawn between rudeness and refinement in building which we have hitherto noticed among the hairy animals. What greater contrast can be drawn in this

construction of birds' nests between these two extremes ; the weaving, sewing, felting and plastering that diverse aves engage in would fill by the simple recital of their method a whole volume ; the writer has therefore drawn upon only three types of feathered architecture in this sequence as sufficient for this place and space of mention.

The golden eagle (*Aquila canadensis*), which the writer has observed and sketched, as it labored in the construction of a nest, was a fine example of its kind that had

selected a sharp, jutting ledge, overhanging a deep cañon in the Wastonquah Valley, British Columbia. The attention of the artist was called to it some little time before making the discovery of its being engaged in housebuilding, by noticing the odd appearance and reappearance of the big bird swooping to the earth, and then rising with a heavy

stick or limb clenched firmly in its talons.

By following the course of the flying wood porter, it was soon detected in its legitimate labor of flooring the rough, cold rock of its eyrie with these sticks, borne from the forest beds below.

The bird flew in slow, measured wing beatings, with the piece of timber in its powerful talons, to a point just above and directly over the selected nesting spot ; here it paused hovering for a moment with its sharp eye keenly making calculation, until the stick dropped fairly into the place intended from the loosened claws of the rude architect. The burden thus unloaded, the eagle shrilly screamed its delight, and it was echoed back in

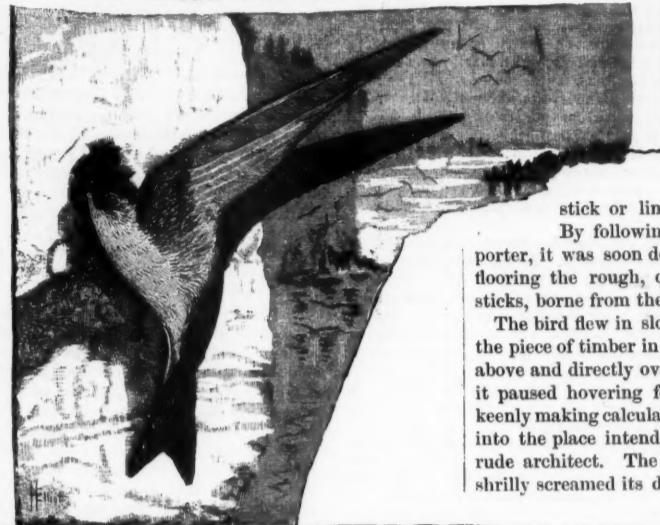
which are so inlaid as to make a velvety mosaic purse, in the soft seclusion and concealment of which the fondest object of their innocent life is attained.

The swallows are our masons and plasterers among birds ; they are the original cliff dwellers, and their pottery houses attached to the eaves of barns and the cliff ledges elsewhere, are entertaining studies for human eyes when these swift and agile architects are engaged in their construction.

As the *cotyle* tunnels a home into the face of marl and sandy bluffs, so does the woodpecker chisel an entrance to the hollow core of some sturdy tree trunk or through the indurated shell of and into a blasted, gnarled and knotted forest shaft ; the sledge-hammer drilling of its effort is often the only sound that breaks the solitude and silence of primeval groves. The water-ouzel (*Cinclus Mexicana*) builds a dome like the mound huts of the Mandans, and keeps it green and blossoming by sprinkling water with its fluttering wings morning, noon and night upon it, during the season of occupation.

The woodpeckers, the bank swallows, and the orioles and wrens are the best shielded by their own effort from the inclemencies of weather of all our American birds, unless we peer into the chinks and crannies of Alaskan basaltic and tufa walls where the auk and puffins sit over their eggs in dark and perfect privacy ; but these boreal birds use neither wit nor grace in beautifying or softening the rudeness or the harshness of their trachytic interiors. The open air nests of a vast majority of our housebuilding feathered architects are especially designed for the mild airs and sunny skies of June and July when they are chiefly used, and only then. It would, indeed, be superfluous for the robin or the song sparrow to cover their May and June-day habitations when the light and the air of the season were the delicious stimulant of their fluttering and melodious life.

—Cliff Dwellers—



—A savage architect—



—The refined builders—



respect than is the simple portrayal from nature which we offer in the accompanying illustrations ? They are drawn from life.

Look at that golden eagle, the bird of all birds most familiar to us, which we see engaged in the task of building a nest, and compare his savage power and uncouth use of it with that exhibited in the slight physique and handicraft of the little titmouse, which we have pictured side by side. Is not one the very type of barbarism and the other the true embodiment of refinement ? Certainly.

The work of the eagle and that of the minute *psaltriparus* of California, fitly represents the rough beginning and the finished end of ornithological architecture. We find an infinite range of detail shown in the varied con-

loud approval by its distant mate who was fanning herself up also to the eyrie with a similar contribution for its construction and completion.

No more entertaining contrast in life-habits of similar animals exists than in the one which we offer by bringing the elegant, luxurious home of the dwarf among pygmies (*Psaltriparus minimus*), into line with that of the eagle. We have sketched the birds and their swinging bower, nearly life-size ; the little tomtit itself is no larger than the thumb of any pretty hand which the fairest of our sex ever owned.

Nothing can exceed the exquisite vivacity and agility of these wee housebuilders as they set about their work. They fit and "jweet-tweet" incessantly to and from it, coming with thistle-down, fine mosses and thin twigs,

All birds of our country use their bills to carry their housebuilding materials to the spot of nest foundation, with the marked exception of the larger birds of prey, which employ their talons for this purpose, in part or wholly so. The ruder, the more savage and powerful the bird the more careless and slovenly the house-nest thereof; the reason is plain, there is less need of protection from enemies, and its rugged constitution bids defiance to meteorological rigor or discomfort.

LEONARD HENKEL after making a special study of electricity is prepared to show that he has solved the problem of the concentration, division, and transmission of the electric current. It is to generate on an immense scale and transmit the electric current to any point desired for illuminating purposes.



ESTHETIC DRESS AND COMING FASHIONS.

THOSE who have been most hopeful of the influence of London estheticism on the art of personal adornment were keenly disappointed when at one of the most important openings of imported costumes of this season it was discovered that not a single evening dress was trained. Does that mean, as has been asserted by some fashion writers, that we are really to abandon at once, not only the long ceremonious court train, but also the demi-train of reception robes and costumes *de visite*? Time alone will show. American women do not always adopt what is imported for them. Other dresses seen at this and at many other openings are trained, but in the gas-lighted exhibition rooms, where none but evening toilets were displayed, none but short skirts were seen.

The beauty of the materials used in the composition of these toilets redeem them, in a measure, from the ungraceful effect; but even that cannot atone for the lack of the train. Some compromise will probably be made. Young ladies and young married women will probably wear these short robes at the balls, garden parties and hops, the dinner parties and germans of Newport and Saratoga; matrons will insist upon the train for full dress for themselves. In fact, none but a slender, shapely and graceful young woman can wear to advantage this latest expression of French art in dress—the short fourreau robe.

Let us see how these short fourreux are made. The cut of the foundation skirt upon which the draperies and trimmings are superimposed has the usual gored front and side breadths and full back breadth that has so long been in vogue. There are plaited and Shirred flounces and loose, overlapping flat puffs at the bottom, side robes on some and tabliers on others, panier draperies looped very high on nearly all, and occasionally very *bouffant*; but the bridling back of the foundation skirt and the general set of the same, give the lance-like form to the wearer that has been so popular for years. No hoops, no bustles nor crinoline can possibly be worn under these skirts. They are too narrow and clasp the form too closely. The materials of the skirt and its lower flounces are generally of silk, satin merveilleux or surah. The upper flounces, the tabliers, paniers and back draperies are invariably of soft clinging fabrics; veilings, silk mull, and china crape and batistes, all beautifully embroidered in silk, or dotted, sprigged or sprigged over with stars in silk broché. Spanish lace, piece and edgings, net and Moresque laces in rare patterns, the designs executed with silk floss and gauzy stuffs of various kinds redeem these dresses from the stiffness that would render them utterly tasteless if made entirely of non-crushable, stiff materials. No heavy fringes or bead embroideries or ornaments appear on these robes, only a few satin ribbon bows. The corsages are cut square, à la Pompadour or V-shaped, or heart-shaped in the neck, trimmed with the soft fabrics and laces that drape the skirt, and they are pointed invariably in front, sometimes both back and front. The half sleeves usually of gauze or piece net are trimmed with lace ruffles at the elbow.

In some of the new dresses there is a stiffening of crinoline or a piece of steel hoop inserted in the back draperies at a point just above or just below the bend of the knee. This sets the back draperies out a little. There is if anything a less *bouffant* effect than was observable in the dresses of the past season.

In street costumes, carriage and visiting toilets and coaching costumes the same variety and beauty of color is observed in the materials used. The shades in some are a little deeper, a little soberer, but the esthetic tendency is shown in the dull blues, reds, greens, browns and yellows. In ready-

made suits there is a great improvement in the designs and the colors of the stuffs, as well as the make. The only objection to such suits is that they are all made after a dozen or half dozen models.

Children's clothes are really beautiful this spring. The fourreau or princess saucque foundation, upon which is superimposed full Shirred draperies gathered in with many gaugings at the neck to form a yoke, the fullness falling in straight lines to the bottom of the skirt, sometimes Shirred in to define the waist line, sometimes gathered into a band that heads a flounce placed at the bottom—this is the marked feature in silken or veiling dresses for little girls under twelve. For the tiniest toddlers the little frocks, when of wash goods, have the yoke and sleeves of white nainsook or barred mull, while the shoulder straps and full-flowing skirts are in color, blue or pink being the favorite tints. For dressier wear the batiste slips in the same style are trimmed with rich white or colored embroideries and confined around the waist with a very wide sash ribbon loosely tied and arranged to give the little wearer either a very short or a very long waist.

The colors are exquisitely blended in the spring and summer costumes of children of all ages. White too, so universally becoming to them, appears in the form of white satinettes, piqués, barred, sprigged and dotted muslins and the costlier linen cambries and nainsooks made up with the finest French embroideries. The white wool veilings, too, are immensely popular for children's wear. The Mother Hubbard styles, with and without yokes, are in high favor, and quaintness of form as well as of color enters into all of their garments, their hats and bonnets.

NOTES ON DRESS.

A PUFF over the shoulders outlines many of the yokes of children's Mother Hubbard dresses.

New French embroidered pocket handkerchiefs have borders composed of butterflies on a field of fine dots, the edges of the handkerchief being vandyked, with each vandyke toothed. Others have dogs' heads in the corners, or birds chasing butterflies, or cupids in frolic attitudes, all in the finest satin-stitch embroidery.

In the fine colored embroideries seen on some of the costliest handkerchiefs there are counted as many as thirteen different colors, all distinct esthetic shades, while the management of the same is so artistic as to produce the most harmonious result:

It is a fancy this season for young girls to wear a jacket of any handsome plaid or check with a skirt of plain material.

Some ladies are trying to introduce plain round short skirts, untrimmed save with three or four narrow ruffles or a huge box-plaited ruche at the bottom. Over this is worn a peaked or pointed bodice with full, bouffant paniers and short back draperies attached. The skirt and bodice is of rich brocaded moiré or plain heavy gros grain silk, the paniers of veiling, grenadine or some other semi-diaphanous fabric. None but young and pretty women of assured position and fashionable prestige will probably venture to wear such dresses.

The correct business suit of a young Parisian differs slightly from that of an American. The tight-fitting cutaway coat is sterner than that of the American; the sleeves are tighter and shorter; it is buttoned close up to the throat. The waistcoat also buttons so high as not to permit any of the shirt front to be seen; only the dark cravat and straight clerical collar are visible. The coat and waistcoat are often of a darker cloth than the trousers; blue, dark, or gray blue is the favorite color. His overcoat is a long, tight-fitting frock, more frequently brown than any other color. The hat is a low round crowned felt Derby. The buttoned shoes must be pointed and rather narrow for comfort. English and American men will not wear such shoes. The Frenchman wears, invariably, when in the street, a buttoned gaiter above his shoe, generally of brown cloth but occasionally Swedish yellow. His gloves (unlike the Englishman he always wears gloves) are chevrettes or goatskins, in all shades of yellow, with three dark brown or black stripes in silk tinsel stitching on the back. They are two-buttoned and fit, but do not pinch the hand. His walking cane is slender, of whanger or bamboo or snake wood or pimento, and the head is generally an artistically cut stone, agate, onyx, beryl or smoky quartz crystal from Mont Blanc set in a fine but strong rim of silver or gold.

The costliest and most durable hunting whips are those of rhinoceros horn; they are about eighteen inches in length, have a round lash nearly a yard long of plaited yellow leather, and a gold whistle for the head. They are used to call and whip up the hounds. They cost from \$10 to \$20.

The most fashionable wood now in use for furniture in England is the American walnut. In America we affect a fondness for furniture and interior wood finishing of rooms in red cherry.

Sylphide is a very sheer gingham muslin, a late production of the looms of Glasgow, Scotland. It comes in stripes, checks and plaids,

showing the artistic value of what is called the esthetic colors. It is as fine as India mull, and will be used for the dressiest summer toilets.

A noteworthy feature in imported white mull dresses consists in the use of embroidered shoulder shawls or fichus for drapery. The tablier is frequently formed of three points or half shawls, while the back draperies are of plain mull. Embroidery bands of mull or laces are used to trim other parts of the dress. The waist is full with a Shirred yoke. The sleeves are full with a puff in the armhole, and lace or embroidery turning downward trims the sleeve from the elbow to the wrist, and a band of lace or embroidery placed above the puff in the armhole turns up over the shoulder like an epaulette.

In England colored riding habits are worn for hunting and riding across the country. Some are of dark green cloth faced with white and fastened with bullet-shaped silver buttons; others are of bright red cloth with black velvet facings and gold buttons. Three-cornered hats, trimmed with feathers and a rosette, as in the olden times, are also revived for huntresses.

Silver gray is a very fashionable color in Paris. Dresses of silver gray satin merveilleux, trimmed with silver gray crêpe ilse or Chambery gauze, gray or steel or silver lace and a slight sprinkle of fine steel and silver beads are considered very chic.

Green and silver is a favorite combination in Paris-made dresses. For instance, a late importation (private) for a Murray Hill belle is of esthetic green velvet for the pointed corsage and the plain round skirt, wool veiling of a lighter shade for the tunic. This is raised high on the left hip with a cordelière and a small velvet bag mounted in silver. The boots are of black patent leather with green cloth tops. The buttons on the boots and the corsage are of silver. The bonnet accompanying the suit is of green straw, a directoire, trimmed with glossy ivy leaves and dark green feathers fastened with long silver pins. The gloves are of gray suede. The dark green Japanese umbrella is mounted with silver.

Violets, heliotrope and jacqueminot roses are the flowers of the present season. In summer we will revive perhaps the lily, the tulip and the leonine sunflower.

HOME HORTICULTURE.

DECORATION OF THE HOUSE WITH PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS.

In the general decoration of the drawing-room the window-curtains, if these are lace, should not be overlooked. Long strings of *smilax* can be tacked to the lace at intervals with a thread and needle, and the foliage picked apart so that the entire fabric is covered; the effect is that of a drapery of light vines. The *smilax* curtains may be then caught back with a bunch of bright roses. The beauty and grace of this arrangement must be seen to be entirely appreciated.

For trimming chandeliers and gas brackets nothing is so ornamental as butterfly *orchids*. The cork or bark upon which the orchid is fastened can be tied to the gas fixture and hidden by festoons of *Lycopodium scandens* or *smilax*, chains of which may be gracefully twined about the fixture. The butterfly blossoms should be so arranged as to quiver about the jets of light; the effect is very airy, and the blossoms so perfectly represent insects that the lights seem surrounded with speckled winged beauties. This is a costly but charming fashion for chandelier or candelabra decoration.

Specimen palms and tree ferns are highly decorative if suitably placed in the drawing-room. Plants in the parlor should never be in the way, as is frequently the case where those of too great size are stood in corners, with their fronds reaching so widely that they have to be dodged. *Cocos weddelliana* and *Bowenia spectabilis serrulata* are very handsome plants to employ for room decoration. Finely grown ferns look particularly well, placed upon pedestals.

There is opportunity for a display of fine taste in the dining-room decoration. Discrimination must be exercised in using blossoms of agreeable odor for the table, besides in having these in color suitable to the occasion. For instance, where as for a young ladies' luncheon party, Hinsdale pinks or Bouseline rosebuds would be appropriate, for a dinner of older persons richer flowers would be more in keeping. Carnations make a brilliant table decoration and their delicate spicy fragrance is never objectionable. The "Firebrand" or "La Pureté" look gorgeously by gas light, and should be allowed the their own spike-like foliage. Roses are very much used for table ornamentation, and callas, if laid flat among ferns or *smilax*, are effective. It is decided by general vote that the centre floral piece of the table should not be high, as it interferes with the view opposite. It may be arranged in several ways. This season the laying of a square of crimson plush on the tablecloth under the centre light has been popular. The plush is edged with foliage, young caladiums being hand-

some for this purpose. A flat basket of roses or lilies is placed upon this. Ferns are deservedly favorite for centre pieces. Many persons would like to have a standard centre piece of growing ferns on their dining table did they know how to arrange one so that nothing but the foliage would be seen. It may be accomplished in the following manner: Have a plain pine leaf made for the middle one of the extension table, with an aperture in the exact centre, into which the box of growing ferns may be fastened. Two tablecloths instead of one are required to cover the table containing the growing fern piece. Fold these lengthwise through the centre and pin firmly around the stems the seams of each cloth together, allowing one seam to lap over the other half an inch. Press this lap down flat the length of the table with a heavy heated flat-iron. So place the fern fronds that they will hide the pinned points. This arrangement is not as troublesome as it may appear; it looks very nicely and the growing ferns, if watered judiciously, will remain handsome the entire season.

There is no part of the decoration for entertainments which has exhausted so much of florists' ingenuity as the favors for luncheon parties, dinners and the cotillon. These have assumed all shapes from the horseshoe to the hunting-horn. Very costly and elegant designs are imported for flowerholders. Satin bags, hand-painted, and swinging from ribbons stamped in letters of gold with the name of the person to wear it, are filled with superb roses. There has been such a disregard of expense for favors, that at present the feast is regarded as hardly in good form unless an extravagant favor is laid at each cover. When selected roses worth from one to three dollars each are bunched for the favor it becomes a valuable gift. Favors of fabulous worth have been made for some of the private dinners given in New York City the past season. Jeweled pins have been attached to the floral design by which it could be fastened to the belt. To our taste a single long-stemmed rose laid by each plate is a charming favor, and for the germain, where every lady probably is decorated, one choice flower is frequently more acceptable than a bouquet. Small palm-leaf or peacock-feather fans with a knot of flowers at the handle—perhaps a spray fastened up one side—are very pretty and acceptable favors if choice flowers are selected for the purpose.

Spring blossoms and light foliage are the most suitable for the vases in the bed-chamber. Daisies, lily-of-the-valley, larkspur and corn-flowers arranged with grasses look daintily on the dressing-table. As soon as any blossoms placed about the house become blighted they should be thrown out. Dead flowers are unwholesome, and give an apartment a dreary and neglected appearance.

F. A. BENSON.

ST. CLOI, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in France, is noted for a special breed of fowls known as "King Dagobert's chickens," whose origin is accounted for by the curé of the parish in this manner: The old palace where King Dagobert lived had been in ruins some 1200 years. In certain explorations in a place pronounced beyond all ordinary reach of men or hens a nest of twelve eggs was discovered. The finders called upon the Abbé Denis, then curate of the parish, who after suitable examination and reflection, said that undoubtedly the eggs were at least 1200 years old, but as wheat had germinated after being shut up in mummy case 3000 years, there was no doubt that life might still be in these old eggs. A hen was secured in an incubating mood and in three weeks came off with a brood, christened King Dagobert's upon the spot, the villagers regarding it as a miracle. The breed has been carefully guarded and has so increased that the abbé of the parish has now a fund for the poor arising from the sale of King Dagobert eggs.

SCARECROWS have had their day and New England farmers and indeed farmers everywhere this side of Mason and Dixon's line may put up their shotguns. The crow is no longer a devastator. He is the friend of man, and the bad habit supposed to be inherent in crow nature of pulling up the young and tender shoots of grain is not bad but beneficent, as he thus unearths the larvae of beetles which he devours on the spot. All this is proved by Professor Linden, who has given several years of investigation to the habits of crows, and has recently made the results public. Now it is the turn of the English sparrow, and we wait for a paper from his defender.

What Joe Jefferson the Great Actor says of Dr. R. C. Flower the renowned Physician of New York City:

A NEW YORK reporter interviewed Mr. Jefferson, our Rip Van Winkle, on the 16th of last December, in Philadelphia, during his week's engagement at the Arch Street Theatre.

Reporter. I understand that you are a patient of Dr. R. C. Flower of New York City?

Mr. Jefferson. Yes, sir.

Reporter. Then would you mind telling me what you think of Dr. Flower as a physician? The answer will be of interest to the public from the fact that Dr. Flower has a great reputation both in this country and in Europe, and by many is regarded as the greatest healer in the world.

Mr. Jefferson. Well, sir, I regard Dr. Flower as a very wonderful physician, possessed of the most marvelous diagnostic powers, and I tell you frankly I like him, professionally and socially as a physician and as a man, and every other way. If it had not been for Dr. Flower I would not have been playing in Philadelphia to-day. If it had not been for Dr. Flower, heaven only knows where and in what condition I would have been now.

Reporter. How is that?

Mr. Jefferson. I will tell you, but my story must be short. Last spring, all broken up, unable to play, or pay any attention to the stage, unfit for business or anything else, I called upon Dr. Flower. Without asking me a word, the doctor took me by the hand, placed my hand to his ear, and in a few minutes described my treatment and case most accurately—described each trouble, cause, etc., and symptoms. I was perfectly dumb for a time. I knew I was in the presence of a man who knew my exact condition, who could see at a glance the interior as well as the exterior of a man, and I felt that he was master of the situation, though all help sought elsewhere had failed. Well, I put myself under Dr. Flower's treatment. I began to improve at the very beginning, and at the end of a course of three months' treatment I will say I never felt better in my life. Way back in my boyhood days I was never healthier than I am to-day. Since the first of September I have played every night as well as at many matinees, and feel all the better for it. I feel like I was young again and ready for another life's work; and for this wonderful health and splendid feelings I am indebted to Dr. Flower.

Reporter. I have learned that your wife is a patient of Dr. Flower?

Mr. Jefferson. Yes; my wife and daughter are both at Dr. Flower's, No. 439 Fifth Avenue, where they are taking treatment. Taking a letter from his pocket, he continued: Here is a letter from Mrs. Jefferson, just received, stating that both herself and daughter are improving finely, that she is feeling splendidly, and her improvement is very marked in the short time she has been there—decidedly so.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

A LADY sat upon a chair
And cried with tears her bang'd hair.
Said Grandma, moralizing, "Well,
If fast sonfrir pour être belle."
She tossed her head, that giddy girl,
And wincing as she pinched a curl,
"I suffer torture!" she confessed,
"But then one likes to look one's best.
On soufre pour être belle," she said,
"Ne souffre-t-on jamais d'être laide?"
E. C. W.

JERRY GREENING'S SAYINGS.

ALLERS bet on a lean dog for a long race.
Good manners is a dead better nor ruffled shirt-buzzums an' bar's-grease hair-ile.
Friends is th' only valubles a man kin hav now-a-days 'thout payin' tax on.

Don't never make a promise so solem' an' strong that ye *daresn't* break it.

Tain't safe ever t' molest a mule nor a editor.
When th' sky sets yaller in a apple-green sky
then look out for big storms.

A man that kin cipher onto a shingle knows
more nor him as her t' kliver sheeple o' writhin'
paper with s'figgers.

Never call a man a liar 'less ye kin prove t' r
kin run faster 'he does.

The heart that hain't never stirred t' anger is
sure blunted t' goodness.

Th' plous are slower t' help right than th' profane an' worthless be t' hinder it.

Th' sister o' Prod'gal'y is meanness. Let a
spendthrift grow o' an' he sets 'is whole mind
on saving.

I hold that good speech is th' harvest that foliers
arter th' flowerin' o' thought.

Laurel crowns is cheap t' th' giver but precious
an' treasure t' him ex gits it t' wins t'.

FROM THE PULPIT.

AN Iowa minister sends us the following, vouching for it as occurring precisely as stated:

Being assisted by an evangelist, the latter took up the case of Job one evening. As has been the favorite practice with the evangelists for a few years past, the patriarch of patience was set forth as an illustrious case of hypocrisy. After the service I asked him if he remembered the Lord's judgment of Job's character as given in His question to Satan: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, as perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?" My friend was not a man to be cornered nor to be daunted by a quotation. "Yes, I remember it, but the Lord was only getting Satan's opinion!" I thought of the man in Proverbs and of the seven men that can render a reason, and was silent.

Of many men it is still true as of many men in old Chaucer's day:

"For whanne that he himself concluded had
He thot echo other mannes wit so bad
That impossible it were to repile
Aginst his device. This was his fantasie!"

On another occasion a brother of the hard-shell order had been holding a series of meetings in our place. He was to close on Sabbath evening, and as the chapel of our Baptist friends was small and a neighboring church wished to join with them in the closing service I offered them my own church. It was thankfully accepted, and on the evening named was densely crowded. The worthy man read for the Scripture lesson the healing of the lame man at the pool. Pausing and looking around he said, "I want you to take notice, my candid friends, that this modern habit of finding fault with the miracles of our Saviour is no new thing. It is as old as the time of the Saviour Himself. Before His eyes the Jews found fault with every one of His miracles; with every one, every one! He gathered confidence with the repetition, and said to the Baptist minister on his left, "My brother, do you remember *one* miracle with which they did not find fault?" Coloring, he answered modestly, "Why, I don't think of any just now." This added to his confidence and he turned in triumph to me. "Brother C., do you remember *one*? A single one?" I was in hopes the question would be enough, and that he would pass on in his reading. But no; like Brutus, he paused for a reply. His eyes were fixed on me, and the eyes of the whole congregation. It was getting serious for me, for it was a case of George Washington and his little hatchet, and I could not tell a lie. An inconvenient memory brought up a number of cases and I would have been glad to keep still. But it was of no use. "A single one, Brother C.; do you remember a single one?" I ventured, diffidently, to say that I did not just remember any objection made at the raising the son of the widow of Nain. He paused a moment, looked at me, then at the wall, then at the people. "I was thinking about that case! There wasn't much said right about the spot, but I thought I heard a little grumbling up on the outskirts!"

ESTRAYS.

—A FLORIDA Indian, having bought a sewing-machine and watched its workings carefully, kicked his wife out of doors with the remark, "Need squaw no more!" A civilized white man feels more like kicking the sewing-machine agent out of doors.—*New Haven Register*.

—A FAR Western man was very anxious to see the capital of the United States, lounge around Washington hotels and go to the theatres, but he had not a cent to his name. So he daubed himself all up with paint, dressed in a blanket and moccasins, yelled like an Indian, took a few scalps, and in one week was on his way to the capital in a palace car to have a powwow with the White Father.—*Philadelphia News*.

—An English editor headed a long article "Our Mammoth Fleet." The compositor left the "l" out. When the paper appeared the quill-driver solemnly swore he would never import another American printer.—*Rochester Express*.



CHILDREN vs. DOGS.

Little Child.—"Oh, mamma, take me!"

Fashionable Mother.—"Why, child, how unreasonable! don't you see there's no room?"

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